SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1831, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 29.

DRAWN BLANK.

BY. G. M.

The passionate grief beside the dying bed;
The passionate longing for the vanished bliss;
The passionate yearning for the glory fled;
Of each we ask: "Can life bear worse than this?"
Ah—answer weary lips and tired eyes,
To violent sorrows, solace nature grants;
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,
Are all its empty blanks—its hopeless wants.

When vivid lightnings flame and thunders crash,
When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to storm,
We see the beacons by the lurid flash,
The foaming spray-clouds glittering rainbows form;
But when below the sullen drip of rain,
The waters sob along the hollow shore,
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,
The dull waves gleam to living light one more.

When time saps slowly strength and hope away,
And the black gulf yawns by the lonely path,
When the dumb night creeps on the empty day,
And the one clue of all is held by death;
Look not to faded joy or lingering love,
To wake the powers youth and faith had given,
Take patiently the lot we all must prove,
Till the great bar swings back and shows us heaven.

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

NEVER did life open so fairly. Lord Ryvers had taken his beautiful young wife direct to Paris; he knew that everything there would be a novelty to her—hotel life perhaps the greatest of all.

He had taken her at once to Meurice's, and Violet was as much astonished as he had expected her to be.

On the morning after their arrival he asked her what she should like best to see—park, palace, places of historic interest, cathedrals, grand old shrines—what should it be?

And she looked with wonder and interest in her beautiful eyes.

"Take me first to the site of the old Bastille," she said, "and to the streets where, in the time of the first Revolution, the blood of the people ran like rivers."

The words struck him as being very forcible; but he yielded at once. She was the bride of twenty-four hours, and her least wish was sovereign law.

"Would you not like best to see the Tuileries, the Bois de Boulogne, or the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame?"

"No; I prefer what I said. I should like to see the site of the grim old Bastille. My aunt gave me the "History of the Old Bastille" to read, and I have shed many tears over it. Ah, what days they were! I think that, if ever 'God arose in history,' it was at the time of the French Revolution, when the voice of the people found hearing, and their 'wills worked woe.'"

"What a fierce democrat you are, Violet!" he said laughingly. "I should think you are the first bride who has made such a curious choice."

"Other brides have probably had a different training," she rejoined. "They have been taught to admire what I have been taught to hate. I must say that aunt Alice did perfectly well in imbuing my mind with her own ideas."

Lord Ryvers laughed; but there was something in the sound of his laughter, which suggested uneasiness.

"I believe it is a mere theory on your part, Violet," he said. "I am sure, if a handsome young earl or marquis had asked you to marry him, and you had loved him, you would not have refused him simply because he was an aristocrat; now would you?"

"Yes," she replied, after a few moments silence, "I think I would have refused him, even if my refusal had broken my heart. But then, you see, Randolph, I could never have loved an aristocrat; my own instinct would have been all against him."

And she wondered why a shadow fell over the face of her young husband.

"I detest selfishness and self-indulgence, and those are the two great characters of the aristocracy. My own instinct would keep me from loving a selfish man."

"I do not think you judge fairly, Violet," he said. "I grant that among the aristocracy there are selfish, self-indulgent men and idle, useless women, perhaps worse; but I must say this also, that the finest, bravest, noblest men in the world are to be found in the ranks of the British aristocracy where you may find also the grandest of women."

She looked at him with a half-pitying smile.

"You do not know, Randolph; you have not been told so much about them as I have."

Then her beautiful face brightened with laughter.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are not agreeing with me? That will never do. We must love and dislike the same things. If I say 'I *hate les aristocrates!*' you must repeat the words."

She wondered why his face darkened. He knew that in uttering those words she condemned mother, sisters, relatives, and himself.

"You will not repeat it?" she cried. "Ah, well, in time, when I have told you all the things my aunt has told me, you will think as I do!"

For a moment a sudden deadly fear came over him.

What if, when his secret were known to her, and she found that she had married one of the race she hated—what if she resented it, and ceased to love him?

He turned to his young wife, whose exquisite face glowed with the fervor of her own words.

"I wish, Violet," he said, "that I could persuade you to be more tolerant. I do not see, even if there must be a difference between classes, that there need be such bitter prejudice, such hatred."

"I do," she replied resolutely. "It is because the vices of one class demand it. It seems to me, in reviewing the history of the world, that there has always been a class set aside who have demanded the wealth and the service of their fellow-men as a right, even from the very olden times down to these, when an Irish landlord racks his tenants for rent and spends the money in England."

He looked at her with new alarm in his face, such alarm as would at any other time have made her laugh.

"Why, this is worse than ever, Violet! I hope you will not turn out to be a Fenian and a Home-Ruler, as well as a perfect democrat."

"I am not quite sure if I understand the term rightly," she said; "but"—and she gave him a most loving glance—"I hope I shall always be a Home-Ruler in the proper sense of the word.

The beautiful eyes were so eloquent, the smile seemed to mean so many things, that he forgot everything else for a time but his love for her.

He took her wherever she asked to go. He showed her the site of the old Bastille where so many hundreds of innocent people had undergone all the tortures of long imprisonment and death; but he showed her also the grand old Abbey of St. Denis, where sleep the most chivalrous race of men—the Kings of France.

He showed her all the trophies and monuments of the people; he also made her examine all the ancient glories of royalty spread over Paris.

If she saw one side, he said to himself, she should see the other.

But her heart turned invariably from the trophies of kings to the annals of the people.

"I wonder," she said to him one day, with a thoughtful face—"I wonder Randolph, when the great difference between man and man began. They must have been equal for many years."

"I do not know," he replied; "I hardly think so. I should imagine that so soon as men began to understand each other, the strongest and wisest began to rule the others."

"I can understand that," she said, her face brightening. "I could yield reverence to an aristocracy of strength or virtue. I object to an aristocracy whose claim consists only in birth or wealth. No man has the ruling of where he shall be born, in what class. Why therefore should he be either despised if he be lowly or exalted if he be what the world calls great?"

So she puzzled him at times by questions that amused him by their simplicity, and again with questions that he could neither like nor answer.

But in the meantime he tried to educate her, to incline her to what he considered a more just and impartial mode of thought.

He found that, right or wrong, Violet was perfectly consistent.

Any revelations of courage, of nobility of character in one of the people would draw forth expressions of admirations from her, just as the sight of a crest or a coronet would draw from her derision and scorn.

By degrees these things forced themselves on his mind, and he stood appalled. He said to himself that before he told her his secret he must bind her heart to his so closely, so tightly, that nothing could ever detach it—so firmly that her prejudices would all die in the light of her love.

That evening, as they sat in one of the beautiful saloons that look over the gardens of the Tuileries, Violet sang to him.

"A sweet song and a sad song," said Lord Ryvers, when she had concluded—"not a song that suits me. Come here, Violet!"

"Here" meant to the balcony, from which they could see the grand old palace where kings and queens had reigned, suffered, and enjoyed, the grand old trees that stood serene and calm, although the kings that had once admired them had died in exile, and queens who had loitered under their shade had laid their heads on the block.

The moon was shining bright as day.

"Why not sing to me," he cried passionately, "of happy love—love perfectly as it is ours?"

"Is it perfected?" she asked. "I read yesterday that love is made perfect by suffering. If that be true, our love, Randolph is far from being perfect yet."

"If that be true, may it never be perfect!" he said. "I would rather never have love than win it through suffering."

In after-years the words came back to him and to her—to her, in the brightness of daylight and in the silence of night.

* * * * * * *

Some months had passed since the marriage in the little church at St. Byno's and the young lord was, if possible, more in love with his wife than ever.

She had grown more because the character of her beauty was more refined.

Lord Ryvers himself was one of the most refined of men.

Constant association with him had given a grace and courtesy to her manner that nothing else could have given.

When Lord Ryvers had first met Violet at St. Byno's, she had been quick and clever in an extraordinary degree, but her education had been a simply one.

Since that time she had read a great deal, and Lord Ryvers had been most careful in his selection of books for her.

"You must read what every one else reads," he said to her one day. "So many quotations from and allusions to favorite books are made in society that one must be pretty well educated and well read even to follow the conversation."

"I like the reading," Violet said, laughing: "but why do you prepare me as though it would be my fate to mix with so many clever people?"

"It will be your fate at some future time," he replied.

"Do you consider all artists clever?" she asked quickly.

"They should be," he answered, "or they will make very poor artists."

Lord Ryvers was very proud of his young wife.

He had not dared to purchase such a wardrobe as he desired for her, fearing that by so doing her suspicions would be excited, but he had insisted on her wearing beautiful dresses; and, although she had cried out against the extravagance, she was pleased with his purchases, and enjoyed wearing her exquisite costumes.

One evening, when they were going out, he had looked at her with a most comprehensive glance—from the golden head to the little shapely foot.

"You ought to wear white silk, white lace, and pearls, Violet," he said: "nothing else would suit your style so well."

"Had you not better suggest diamonds and satin?" she rejoined, laughing merrily. "You must have a curious idea of what is suitable for the dress of artists' wives Randolph."

"I know how you ought to look, and how you shall look," declared her husband.

"Randolph," she said seriously, "you never seem to think of money."

"Money!" he replied. "Why should I, my dear?"

"Why should you?" she echoed, with a smile that he thought the most beautiful he had ever seen. "Why, the answer is plain enough! If we go on spending money as we have done, we shall soon have none left. Do you know," she added, looking up at him with laughing eyes, "that we have the best of everything?"

"So we ought," cried Lord Ryvers. "Do not trouble about money. I was not so deeply engrossed with my art that I forgot to lay by for a rainy day."

"And are these the rainy days?" she asked.

"I hope they are the darkest we shall ever see," he replied.

He was, if possible, more in love with her than when he first met her in the woods of St. Byno's.

The ladies of his family had always affected to be, if they were not actually, delicate and fragile; they considered health and strength rather as vulgar attributes.

Violet on the contrary, rejoiced in superb health, in a magnificent constitution; she did not even know what the words languor and fatigue meant as applied to herself, and consequently she had a capacity for enjoyment that seemed marvellous to him.

When they were in Switzerland, she could climb the highest mountains quite as well as he could, she would walk as far, she could endure as much fatigue—yet she was refined, and as far from being masculine or strong-minded as it was possible to be.

There was no fairer picture than that of this beautiful girl—health glowing in her face, her eyes sparkling, her lips crimson.

It was the possession of such perfect health, of unflagging gaiety and high spirit, that had such a wonderful attraction for Lord Ryvers.

They had spent the whole of the year in traveling; they had been through Italy and Switzerland.

"Now a fancy had taken Lord Ryvers—he must go to the Rhine—not in the beaten tracks where British tourists abound—no, he would seek some pretty sequestered spot where river and mountain were at their best.

He would stay there for some months, have his beautiful Violet all to himself for that time, and then arrange for the future.

He felt that he should not be afraid of his mother meeting his wife, now that this year of travel and study had refined and perfected her.

He would be proud when the hour came for even Lady Ryvers to see her.

It was true that Violet was different from most of the ladies who were his mother's friends and associates; but she had characteristic beauty and grace and individuality of her own.

Lord Ryvers found that of which he was in quest in the pretty little town of Saltzberg, on the Rhine, perhaps one of the most picturesque on that beautiful river. It stands where the river is widest, and where the great crags rise highest to the sky; every beauty of land and water, of hill and dale, of river and ruin are there.

A little tributary called the Saltz runs into the Rhine at this spot, and the scene where the two currents meet is one of the prettiest and most picturesque on the river.

The Saltz is spanned by an old rustic bridge built at the narrowest part of the river; great trees shade the bridge at each end, and the gray-stone of which it is built is half covered with ivy and moss. The town stands between the hills and the river.

Lord Ryvers chose one of the pretty villas situated in the outskirts.

It was built on a portion of the rock that jutted over the river.

From the windows one saw nothing in the front of the house but the rapid rolling Rhine.

The picturesque, weird beauty of the spot delighted him.

They were standing on the bridge one morning, when the young husband turned to his wife.

"I ask nothing, nothing better from life than this," he said. "I should like to live here always with you, the blue sky always above my head, the sound of the river always in my ears, and your face before my eyes."

She laid both her white hands on his face.

"Would such a life fill you with content, Randolph?" she asked.

"Yes, with infinite content," he replied.

"It would not suit me," she said decidedly. "I would rather live in the world of men and women."

"This is far more beautiful," he declared dreamily.

"But beauty is not the end and aim of life," she said. "I begin to think you are a dreamer after all."

"I am content to be one while I have you to dream about," he rejoined.

But there was no response on the beautiful young face looking over the water.

"Randolph you have no ambition," she said suddenly.

"Yet ours has been considered an ambitious race," he replied as quickly; and she looked up at him with a satirical laugh.

"Your race!" she repeated. "Do you mean the artistic race?"

His face flushed and his eyes clouded as he answered—

"Yes, of course, the artistic race. What else should I mean?"

And again the little ripple of sunny laughter jarred upon him as she then replied—

"You spoke like an aristocrat, as though you belonged to some race quite separate and distinct from all others."

"How you hate all aristocrats!" he said, with a deep sigh.

"I do indeed," she replied; and then she pointed to an old ruin standing at the foot of the hill. "Have you heard the legend of the old castle there?" she asked carelessly. "I read it this morning."

"No. Tell it to me," he said. "I like your way of telling a story, Violet; it is terse and vigorous."

"It is not much of a legend," she said, "but it interested me. A German Baron married a young French lady, and brought her home to the castle, Heaven knows how many hundred years ago. When he had been married some time, he found out that she had a secret in her life. No one ever knew what the secret was; she never told it; and he threatened that, if she did not tell him, he would kill her. Do you think a wife has no right to keep a secret from her husband, Randolph?"

"I should think not," he replied; but he spoke in such a tone of hesitation that she looked at him again, half laughing.

"Has a husband any right to keep a secret from his wife?" she asked then; and this time he answered more quickly—

"No."

"What do you think this cruel husband did, Randolph?" she continued. "When he found his wife would not tell him her secret, he flung her from that old ruined tower into the Rhine; and the story tells how she haunted the tower until no one dare live in it, and so it fell into ruin. The moral of the story is—there should be no secret between husband and wife."

But Randolph did not answer with the cordiality Violet expected.

CHAPTER XI.

IT struck Lord Ryvers, for the first time since his marriage, that the beautiful wife he had won from the woodlands of St. Byno's did not love him with quite the same devoted affection he had for her.

He would have been content to have remained with her for ever; he asked nothing better than to live always with her in the weird villa overlooking the Rhine; he wanted no other society, no other world—heart, brain, and soul would have been quite content.

Not so with her.

It was with something of dismay that she found her husband quite willing to live at the solitary villa.

It was beautiful enough—she did not attempt to deny that; but to her richly gifted, vivacious nature to her ardent mind and soul, there was not sufficient in this workshop of nature; she wanted more life, more to amuse her than the contemplation of magnificent scenery.

Lord Ryvers was of a contemplative nature; his young wife rejoiced in a more active disposition.

She liked to tread frequented paths of life, be the by-paths.

She liked to be always doing, be to be always thinking.

He was thinking very seriously one morning, as he stood in his favorite spot, the pretty rustic bridge over the Saltz, the river foaming and fretting beneath, the green boughs spreading above, the blue sky over all.

He had been thinking, first of all, that he would paint such a picture as would set the whole world on fire with admiration—just this bridge, with the deep foaming river beneath, the tall trees with their great boughs, and the beautiful figure of his wife standing beneath them, just as he had seen her stand hundreds of times, with a rapt expression of admiration on her beautiful face.

If he could paint her as he had seen her, if he could catch the brilliant coloring the lovely lights and shades always flitting over her face, if he could catch that superb poise of the head and grave proud bearing of the figure, he would call his picture "The Queen of the Rhine," and men should bow down in homage to the exquisite face whose beauty now was known only to him.

The more he thought of it, the more he became possessed of the idea.

Even his lady-mother, who sneered at pictures and haughtily patronized art—even she should acknowledge that it was a *chef-d'œuvre*.

And the thought of Lady Ryvers brought many other things to his mind.

He had lost himself of late in a dream of happiness; he had almost forgotten the responsibilities of life—that he was heavily weighed by fortune, that he had all the responsibilities of title, position, rank, and money.

They had always been a tie and a burden to him, whose life had been more or less engrossed by art.

If by some good chance he had been born an artist, he would have been a good and happy one.

Borne in a high sphere, his art career was in some degree spoiled.

His vast fortune entailed many duties upon him, and they were not altogether to his taste.

The one thing he had dreaded all his life he had most successfully avoided—he had not married for money.

To his romantic, poetical mind and temperament there was no idea so horrible as that of marrying for money; it was death to all sentiment and romance, death to all he valued most in the world.

Thank Heaven he had avoided that!

The girl he had found loved him for himself, and was perfectly ignorant of the fact that he had money; indeed, with her passionate hatred of the good and noble, she would never have married him had she known exactly what he was.

They had been married nearly nine months, and the conclusion he came to was this—that his fair young wife did not love him with the same passionate and devoted affection that he gave to her. He must win it; that was all.

These thoughts came to him as he stood on the bridge.

That same morning he had received a letter from his mother which had startled him and brought him face to face with the sterner realities of life.

Lady Ryvers had reminded him that his birthday fell on the twenty-second of June, and that on that day he came of age.

It would soon be at hand, and she wished to know his intentions.

Of course he would return. He must be at Ryverswell.

Relatives, friends, neighbors, tenants, and dependents must be all gathered round him.

There must be balls, dinners, entertainments of various kinds; in fact he must do his duty, and his duty just then would consist in feasting everybody.

It was, so his mother said, the most important day of his life; much would be expected from him.

She hoped that nothing would interfere with his return.

Lady Ryvers reminded him that she had agreed to the sketching tour very much against her conscience, and hoped that he would now abandon a pursuit that had always been most distasteful to her.

She trusted that he would give himself up to the duties of his position, which were enormous enough.

Lady Ryvers added that she earnestly hoped he would also give his attention to marriage, the next great step in his life, a step that would either make or mar him.

"A step I have taken without consulting any one or anything, except my own heart," he thought.

Yet there were some very disagreeable facts to face, and the young man grew thoughtful as he bent over the foaming river.

He had married to please himself, he had carried out the romantic idea of his life; but now difficulties seemed to surround him.

He did not know at all how his wife would take the revelation of his secret, and he did not know what his mother would say when she found out the story of his marriage.

She had always insisted upon his marrying well.

How to reconcile these opposite forces he did not know.

The realities of life were pressing him now, the sweet dream of love and art must come to an end—but not yet—not just yet.

He determined to write to his lady-mother, and tell her that he found it quite impossible to break off his art-studies just at present, and that the festivities attending his coming of age must be deferred for another year.

His mother would be able to make all needful arrangements, and he would certainly return at the time specified.

"I am glad you are going to work again, Randolph," said Violet, when he told her of his picture, "The Queen of the Rhine." "I will stand on the bridge, like the man in the song, as many hours as you wish. I have thought once or twice that you were inclined to rest on your laurels; indeed, Randolph, the truth is, you have done nothing lately but love and care for me."

"Certainly it has been my chief pleasure as well as my chief occupation," he replied gallantly.

"Yes; but it does not bring grist to the mill. See how you worked at St. Byno's; you were always painting there."

"Dreaming is working with me," he replied. "Do you think all those long hours spent in watching the lights and shadows, the sky and the river, the rocks and the ruins, are wasted? Ah, no! I am storing beautiful pictures in my mind. An artist studies nature as a student studies books. I do not think a man with an artistic mind is ever idle; thoughts and fancies are always passing through his brain."

Violet kept her word.

She was ready at all times to stand on the bridge, just in the attitude he wished to paint her, and "The Queen of the Rhine" made great progress.

She won one promise from him, and it was that, when the picture was finished, he would send it at once to England, and they should leave the villa on the Rhine.

"I do not want to go to England yet," he said. "You have no especial reason for desiring to go there?"

"None," she answered carelessly, "unless it be to see aunt Alice. I do not care to go to England; but I do not wish to remain here. I am just a little tired of solitude."

And the glorious violet eyes flashed with the light of longing.

"Solitude?" repeated the young husband. "You do not call being with me 'solitude'?"

"It would be perfect solitude but for you," she replied laughingly. "Of course, with you it is bearable. I want to see more I want real life. I want to see the faces of strange men and women, to find myself sometimes in a crowd. At times I think it will be pleasant to have a little home in England, where you can paint all day and I can keep house. I am a famous housekeeper, Randolph, although you have never given me a chance of showing you what I can do in that line. Aunt Alice gave me a good training. We have been nearly a year wandering in search of the beautiful and picturesque; now let us see a little more of humanity. Why do you not go to some large city? We should be able to study our fellow-beings there."

"I do not want to see English people," he replied; "and in every great European city they abound."

Violet looked up at him quickly.

"Why do you not wish to meet English people?" she asked. "I have noticed your avoidance of our countrymen before, but I could never understand your reason for it."

"British tourists are not to my taste," he replied.

"Why, Randolph, what nonsense!" Violet exclaimed, laughing. "We are British tourists ourselves, are we not?"

"Not of the ordinary kind," he replied carelessly.

"We are ordinary people," said his wife proudly. "I should not like to think myself different from others."

"You will allow me some prerogative," he said. "I cannot bring myself to think of myself as an ordinary person; will you not allow me the privilege at least of genius?"

"Perhaps I may; but, Randolph, there are times when I cannot help thinking, although you hide it from me, that you are an aristocrat at heart. There—you have grown quite pale at the mere suggestion!"

"And no wonder," he replied; "that is a terrible accusation to bring against me, when one considers how you hate aristocrats."

"That indeed I do, thanks to aunt Alice. I think class hatred is one of the strongest of all hates;" and she raised her head proudly. "But that is not the question. I want you to promise me that when 'The Queen of the Rhine' is finished you will give up solitude for a time, and live where we can see men and women, instead of rocks and rivers."

He was looking at her with serious intent.

"What are you thinking of, Randolph?" she asked.

"I was wondering if the time would ever come when you and I would think the same Violet," he said musingly.

"It will be the same with us as it is with other people," she answered.

"How is that?" he asked.

"The stronger nature will gain the ascendency over the weaker one," she replied; "that is the case with all married people. Mind, I did not say the finer nature or the stronger. If it be you, you will mould my ideas to your own; if it be me, I shall have the pleasure of moulding yours. At present," she continued, "we are, I think, about equal; but we shall see which gains the ascendency over the other as we go on."

And in after-times Lord Ryvers often thought of her words.

CHAPTER XII.

EVERY one knows the famous city of St. Philipo, standing as it does on the shores of the Mediterranean.

St. Philipo contains the finest old churches the finest pictures, and the finest sculptures in Italy.

It is a city of buried treasures; people are always making discoveries there.

Now it is a hidden gem of Botticelli or a half-finished statue unmistakably by Michael Angelo; then a Titian hanging unknown for years in the corner of some house half buried in vine-leaves; then a faint fair sketch of Fra Angelico.

St. Philipo has always been the home of art and artists, for it is one of the loveliest spots in the wide world.

The city is small in itself, and it slopes down to the border of the sea. Artists say that nowhere else are colors so beautiful to be seen.

The sea forms a little bay, known as the Bay of St. Philipo, and the water there is as blue as the sky itself—a lovely transparent blue.

The waves seldom roll in there; it must be a strong wind indeed that lashes those wavelets into foam.

Little pink shells lie half over the golden sands.

Green masses of foliage seem to surround the bay; and on the gray cliffs stand houses that are each one a picture in itself, some white, some red, some gray, the roofs of some covered with moss and lichen.

Flowers grow in wondrous profusion in this grand old city, so sheltered from wind and cold—roses, lilies, verbenas, gladioli, the lemon, orange, and myrtle—and the vine has its home everywhere. The birds begin to sing and to build there before they favor any other spot.

Every breath of wind that blows in St. Philipo is laden with perfume; and the honey made by the busy bees, and sold by the peasants, is sweeter than any other.

No very rich people reside in the city, nor do any work very hard.

The poorest part of the population live by fishing and by the sale of honey and flowers.

Most of the shops are filled with old curiosities—rare treasures in the shape of old china, old carvings, and pictures. And those who are above work and want live in the beautiful villas dotted over the cliffs and the hills.

The modern spirit of adventure invades every spot.

It has reached St. Philipo at last; and in the midst of a tangle of vine and myrtle a large hotel has been erected entirely on model principles.

An Englishman started it, and it has become a success, for, though St. Philipo is not much in the way of tourists, artists go there, rich men in search of antiquities and curiosities, and, at times travelers in search of the picturesque.

Thither Lord Ryvers went with his wife.

He had half thought of flight when he heard that an English family was staying at the hotel.

It was bad enough to have an English landlord; but to live in the same house with an English family was, in his present mood, most distasteful to him.

He had grown somewhat nervous and frightened with regard to his secret; and he dreaded Violet's discovering it.

He could not tell how she would take it, or what she would do, and he wanted to defer what he considered an evil day as long as he could.

He avoided English people as much as possible, lest he should meet any one who knew him.

He asked for the name of the family staying at the hotel, and was told that the entry in the visitors' book was "Robert Carstone, Esq., of Igleshaw, Mrs. Carstone, and Oscar Carstone, Esq."

"Rolling in money," said the hotel-keeper to Lord Ryvers, "all made from malt and corn. Mr. Carstone is here to buy antiquities."

This description set the young lord's mind at ease.

He—Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell—was not likely to be know to any retired corn-factor.

For some days the visitors saw nothing of each other, much to Violet's disappointment.

At times she was almost indignant with Randolph because he avoided the Carstones.

When he pleaded his distaste for English society, she would say—

"Oh, yes, it is all very well for you, Randolph; you have mixed with the world all your life! I have never really known any one except aunt Alice, and I long to know what others are like."

The opportunity came at last.

There was a *fete* in the grand old city; the churches, the palaces, the shops and streets, the villas dotted on the hill-side, were all to be illuminated, and the fireworks were to be on a magnificent scale.

"Oh, Randolph," cried his young wife, "do let me see them! We never had any at St. Byno's. Mr. Bret, the landlord, says the finest place to see them from is the balcony of the hotel, and he has asked me to go there. Randolph, do say 'Yes.'"

"You will be sure to meet those English people there," he said, half reluctantly; but she looked so imploring that he could not refuse her.

"Will you come, Randolph?" she asked.

And he answered "No," at which she felt relieved, for it would give her no chance of talking to English people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Mother's Prejudice.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A BRIGHT sweet, sensible face, with eyes of clear, deep gray, and lips of vivid scarlet, framed by abundant braids of dark, glossy hair, a plump, smoothly-rounded, trim shape, and pretty little hands—these were what Harry Markham looked at as he leaned back in the chair and gazed at his betrothed wife, Nettie Gale.

Harry Markham was engaged to Nettie Gale, and loved her with all his great soul.

Yet, notwithstanding this, and the fact that their wedding-day was only four short weeks ahead, there was a cloud on Harry's face, and he sighed heavily.

"What worries you, Harry?" asked Nettie smoothing his coat-sleeve with her soft fingers. "May I know?"

"You must know, I suppose. But I hate to tell you.

"I got a letter from my dear mother to-day."

"Well?"

"It wasn't well, and there's the rub. Mother is a good, kind soul as ever lived, Nettie——"

"I'm sure of that, from her picture," interrupted Nettie.

"But she is apt to be bitter in her prejudices——"

"I should judge that too," again put in Nettie.

"And unfortunately for us, she has conceived a bitter prejudice against city girls of all sorts."

"And the long and short of it is," said Miss Nettie, with a smile, "she doesn't consent to our marriage."

"Indeed she doesn't! Of course it won't make any difference, but I'm sorry for your sake, Nettie dear."

"And I'm sorry for your sake," said Nettie.

"You have always been so much to your mother. I dislike to be the cause of any disagreement between you.

"But when we come to know each other, Harry, I will try to make you love me."

"She is determined not to know you, just now," said Harry moodily.

"Let me see the letter, please?" asked Nettie.

Harry drew it from his pocket, and, somewhat reluctantly gave it to her.

Nettie drew it from the envelope, opened it, and read from the stiff, old-fashioned hand—

"MY DEAR SON,—No, I will not come up to your wedding, neither do I invite you to bring your wife here. If you had come home and chosen from the good, industrious girls here, I would have done all I could for her and for you. But I know what those city girls are worth. I've seen the fine, beringed and befurbelowed ladies putting on airs, and I'll have none of 'em! However, I suppose you are old enough to make your own choice, only don't look to me for help. And when you find your pretty bargain has turned worthless on your hands, don't bring her home for me to wait on, for I'll have none of her fine flounces trailing over my floors. You, alone will be always welcome, but I have no wish for any acquaintance with your fine-lady wife.

"This is all at present, from your mother,

"ELIZABETH MARKHAM."

"Pretty decided," said Nettie, as, half laughing, half crying, she returned the letter to Harry.

"I'm very sorry, Harry, but if you think I can make up to you for your mother——" laying her face lightly upon his shoulder.

"I think you can make up for all the world, and I know it!" cried Harry, folding her closely in his arms.

"I'll try to," whispered Nettie. And then she added more confidently—"And some time, Harry, we shall make friends with your mother, I feel sure of it."

"I hope so, Nettie. But this is a great disappointment just now.

"I had planned such a pleasant visit home for our wedding-trip."

"I would like very much to go. But as we can't, suppose we stay in London, and not go anywhere, Harry?"

"What! will you give up your wedding-trip?"

"Yes, willingly. Indeed, Harry, I think I should prefer it.

"I have no friends we care to visit, and I think we might as well just settle down and begin life at once."

"Just what I would rather do, darling!" cried Harry, giving her a delighted kiss. "But I thought a wedding-trip was as indispensable to feminine human nature as a wedding-ring."

"Then learn your mistake," said Nettie, smiling.

In due time Harry and Nettie were quietly married, and speedily installed in a small but neat and cozy house.

Nettie Gale was the only child of wealthy parents, and for two or three years previous to her father's failure and death she had been the mistress of his household.

This had given her some experience, and she naturally possessed a good share of domestic talent, so that their little establishment was remarkably well conducted.

One stout girl was hired to do the rougher work, and the rest Nettie took upon herself.

From the wreck of her father's fortune she had kept back two or three choice pictures and her piano.

Nettie's piano was newly tuned and filled their neat parlor with silvery sounds under the magic of her fingers.

So, very happily, sped the first two years of their wedded life.

Only two clouds dimmed their sky.

One, the lightest of these, was Mrs. Markham senior's continued displeasure and estrangement.

Very soon after their marriage Harry enclosed their wedding-cards in a warm, hearty letter, earnestly inviting his mother to visit them.

To this letter no answer was ever returned, and beyond now and then sending her a paper, Harry attempted no further communication with his mother.

A heavier sorrow than this was the loss of the little babe which opened its eyes for two short months, during the second year of their marriage, and then flew away to Heaven, but they had each other left, and so they bore up bravely and cheerfully.

Meantime, on her fine old farm in the country, old Mrs. Markham lived alone, except for her serving-maids and men, and mourned for her boy.

Now and then, through London friends, she heard of them, but they wrote to her directly no more.

When the news of the birth and death of their babe, her first grandson, reached her, the proud old lady's heart yearned to go to them, but she would not.

"I daresay it was that girl's ignorance and mismanagement caused its death," she said thus hardening her heart.

So another winter found her still alone in the fine old homestead.

One day, dining at a neighbor's, she heard startling news.

The house where Harry had been so long had failed, even to complete ruin, and he was thrown out of employment or means of support, and very soon after, while searching for employment, he met with a severe fall in the icy street, and was taken home with a broken leg.

The gentleman who told her did not know how they were getting along since then, but no doubt they had some hard pinches to go through.

Mrs. Markham carried home a heavy heart, and lay long awake that night.

Her boy, her only boy, was sick, suffering made in want, with nobody to care for him but a "flimsy London girl."

That thought was the weightiest one—had she fancied him in good hands, she would still have held out.

"Maybe she will let him die, as she did the poor baby," groaned the proud old woman, as she tossed restlessly on her bed, and by morning she had given up the contest, and resolved to go to her boy.

She supplied herself amply with money and carefully put in her purse the address, which Harry's last letter had given her.

Leaving minute instructions to her trusty servants, she took the first train for London.

She had traveled quite enough to have her wits about her, and not to be disturbed by the noise and bustle of the city.

Taking a cab, she directed the driver to Harry's address.

Bidding the driver wait until she was sure it was the right place, she ascended the steps and rang the bell.

A trim little figure, in a neat calico dress and gingham bib-apron, opened the door.

"Is this where Harry Markham lives?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the lady inside, in a pleasant manner.

"Are you his wife?" questioned the mother.

"I am," and as the lady caught sight of the cab and the little trunk strapped upon it, her manner became agitated, and she added, eagerly—"I am his wife, and I feel sure you are his mother."

"Yes, I am. Let me pay the driver, and I'll come in," said the old lady, curtly.

Accordingly the driver was paid, the little trunk deposited in the hall, and the two Markhams were inside, and the door shut.

Nettie would gladly have given her mother-in-law a hearty welcome.

But the old lady's exterior—albeit this was not the person she expected to find in her son's wife—was too forbidding; so she only said—

"I am so glad you have come. It will do Harry so much good."

"I heard of his accident. How is he?" asked the elder lady.

"Better — much better. Getting well nicely, now, but I don't want to excite him too suddenly.

"Will you wait in the parlor one moment while I prepare him to see you?"

And Nettie threw open the parlor door.

Old Mrs. Markham cast a curious glance around after she was left alone.

"Humph!" was her comment. "Looks pretty tidy.

"Servants' work, I reckon. A piano! Open, too, and scattered with music. Wonder who takes care of the sick husband while she plays on it."

But before she could comment further, Nettie came back, and led the way to a neat room upstairs, where mother and son greeted each other as heartily as if no long estrangement had existed.

To Mrs. Markham's surprise, he was dressed and sitting in his large easy-chair, with a cane beside him.

He could walk about a little now, but he had had a pretty tough tug of it for three or four months.

"Nettie is a famous nurse, or I shouldn't be up now," he said, with a smile at his wife, who had been putting away the old lady's things in another room.

Just as she came in the door-bell rang.

"I shall have to leave you now—it is little Lizzie Wright, to take her lesson.

"But first, you must have a cup of tea, mother," pronouncing the last word a little hesitatingly, as if hardly knowing how it would be received.

But the elder lady only said—

"No, no; don't take the trouble to get me anything."

"Yes, I will," said Nettie. "I'll be back in a moment."

She went out, and soon returned with a tray, neatly covered with a napkin, bearing a cup of fragrant tea, some fresh rolls, and dainty slices of pink, boiled ham.

The old lady really began to feel hungry after her journey, so the odor was most appetizing, and she began her repast readily.

"These are excellent rolls for baker's rolls," she said, as she broke one.

"They are home-made," said Nettie.

"You must have a very good cook, then."

Nettie answered nothing, but Harry said—

"We have a first-rate cook."

"Now I must go down to Lizzie. She is waiting for her lesson.

"I will leave you and Harry to chat till I come back."

"What does she mean about lessons?" asked Mrs. Markham, after she was gone.

"Her music lessons. Didn't you notice the piano downstairs?

"It was Nettie's before we were married, and as soon as I got out of work, she hunted up eight or ten pupils, and gave lessons, to help us along."

"Oh!" observed the mother. "You keep a servant, I suppose?"

"She dismissed her girl as soon as I could sit up.

"She has nursed me, done all her own work, and given her lessons besides, for two months back."

Old Mrs. Markham began to feel very strange, but she would say nothing as yet, so they talked as easily as they could until Nettie came up.

"Now," she said, smiling, "I don't have any more scholars to-day.

"I'm going down now to get supper, and after that we can make ourselves cosy."

And Mrs. Markham first thought to offer her help, but she concluded to wait a little longer.

"I want to see how she does do," was her mental comment.

So she stayed with Harry, while Nettie went down to her work.

It was not long till she came up again and invited them down to supper.

"Now, sir, your cane and my shoulder, and down we go!" she said, as she offered Harry both the supports she named.

It was slow work getting him downstairs but he was safely down at last.

After supper Nettie led the way to the kitchen.

Old Mrs. Markham gave a glance around the neat, spotless kitchen, and then she turned around and taking Nettie in her motherly arms, gave her a very hearty kiss.

"Nettie Markham, I'm an old fool, and I'm well paid for my folly.

"Harry has got a better wife than he has a mother.

"Do you think you can forgive me, and learn to like me, for Harry's sake?"

"I'm sure I shall love you for your own sake, and I want you to like me, because I have no other mother," said Nettie, as she returned both the kiss and the embrace.

The very next day, at old Mrs. Markham's imperative command, Barbara, the girl, was summoned back to the kitchen.

But Nettie would not give up her scholars until the spring, when Mrs. Markham returned home, took both Harry and Nettie with her for the whole summer.

And it would have been hard to tell which was dearest to her, Harry, Harry's wife, or the little blue-eyed granddaughter who came in the summer to be the pet and darling of all the three.

A NEW rival brass band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge at the grave, when suddenly the trombone man shot out a blast that started the hearse horses and broke up the whole procession. The leader, turning upon him fiercely, asked him what in the name of all hot places at once he was doing that for? He answered with a smile: "Gosh! I thought it was a note, and it was a boss fly; but I played it."

Bric-a-Brac.

A GENERATION.—In chronology, the interval between the birth of a father and the birth of his child. Thirty-three years are allowed as the average length of a generation.

ABOUT A GOOSE.—A Fishkill Plains farmer sent in hot haste for the village doctor recently, and, upon the latter's arrival, presented a goose with a broken wing for his professional attention. The doctor enjoyed the joke hugely, and carried it out to the extent of setting the broken wing. The fun got warmer and warmer, until the doctor presented his bill, the same as if a member of the farmer's family had been treated.

JACKSON'S SPELLING.—Somebody has been unearthing a lot of old depositions in a Kentucky clerk's office, and taking notes of the bad spelling of some of the great men of the past. A deposition in the hand-writing of Andrew Jackson contains such spellings as "refference," "deponants," "ballance," "valiue," and "difficult." Old Hickory's use of capitals was quite remarkable. Such words as "Dollar" and "Money" he capitalized, while he also wrote "almighty god."

THEIR NAMES.—A family named its sons One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and the daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, Third Stickney. The three elder children of another family were named Joseph, And, Another; and it was proposed to call the rest, if any appeared. Also, Moreover, Nevertheless and Notwithstanding. Another household actually named their child Finis, supposing it was the last; but three more were born, who were called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement.

DIAMONDS.—The Romans placed the diamonds in the very highest rank as precious stones, but as they were in the habit of wearing them in their uncut state, this prominency must have been given more on account of their rarity than for their beauty. They were supposed to ward off insanity, dispel vain fears, drive away phantoms and night-mares and baffle poison, but if swallowed they became the deadliest of poisons. Cellini tells a fabulous story of how his life was preserved from the machinations of an enemy by the roguery of an apothecary, who being employed to pulverize a diamond intended to season the artist's salad, substituted a piece of beryl in its stead.

THE PARROT'S FAULT.—A parrot has been the means of presenting a young lady who lives near Boston in a very peculiar light. This young lady sits on the lower front piazza with her work or book a large part of the time, but was out of town for a week, during which time a parrot had been hung in the upper piazza. A pet of which she was ignorant, as she is a little hard of hearing. Resuming her old seat on her return, she became very much annoyed at the attention of passers by, especially the young gentlemen, and is now astonished to learn that the parrot, hidden from view, has been addressing everybody in the street with the free and easy invitation, "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me quick!" given in perfect imitation of the human voice.

A CHANGED RING.—In olden times, it was thought that the wedding ring possessed certain curative powers; and it is still believed by many that a sty in the eye will soon disappear after being rubbed with the "plain gold ring." Most women are very loth to take off their wedding ring, and it seldom, if ever, is allowed to leave the finger. Its loss is thought to be an evil portent of some importance. In Sir John Bramston's autobiography (1631) it is related that his step-mother dropped her ring off her finger into the sea near the shore when she pulled off her glove. She would not go home without the ring, "it being the most unfortunate that could fall to anyone to lose the wedding ring," and after a general search the seekers were rewarded with success.

THE LAST NIGHT.—The last night of the year is full of superstition for the Swedish peasant folk, and the young people especially hope to read their future as the year dies out. Here are two of the games they practice: After the light is put out in your bed-room, you must throw your slipper over your left shoulder and then look next morning to see what position it has fallen in. If the toe points to the door you will leave that house during the year, but if the toe points inward then you will remain where you are for another year. It is customary also on the same night for the people to go out into the house where the logs of wood are kept that are used for fuel. Each one picks up the first log that comes to hand: if it is a clean and shapely piece so will his (her) future partner be and vice versa.

LIGHTNING.—On a warm summer evening one often sees the clouds on the horizon lit up with brilliant glows of lightning, unaccompanied by any sound of thunder. To this appearance the name of 'heat lightning' has been given, and the warm weather is often assigned as its course. In point of fact, the heat lightning is only that of a thunder-shower so far off that, while the observer can see the flash, no sound of the thunder reaches him, and the intervening clouds veil and reflect the flash until it becomes a glow, instead of the sharp streak usually seen. Where the flash, starting from one point, branches out and divides into several parts, it has received the name of 'forked lightning.' This is usually seen when the discharge is near the observer. Single flashes, bearing a zigzag or crinkled aspect, are denominated 'chain lightning,' probably from their resemblance to a chain thrown loosely on the ground.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

A sweet little stranger once knocked at the gate:
We opened our heart and there bade it reign
On earth's fairest throne, in great grandeur and state,
Outshining all Kings tho' of proudest domain.
And each one was breathless to wait on its will,
And back in the light of the crown on its brow,
That beamed with bright gems from the heart's purest rill,
Nor subjects more loyal to monarch could bow.

But, oh! one sad day this orb hid its light,
And winged from our arms unto some other sphere,
Leaving as o'er all the black gloom of night,
And cold winter's frown, tho' spring's bloom is here,
And something is lost from out a wide breach,
In the breast that aye quivers 'neath grief's keenest blow;
Earth's blossoms no more with their matchless hues preach,
Nor music's sweet soul its calm raptures bestow.

List, list, the wee bird, ah! how pensive its tone;
What pains thee, poor bird, and so causes unrest?
Alas! said the warbler, my fond heart has gone,
A hard ruthless hand plucked its young from the nest.
Dear little songster, my case you make plain,
I am bereft of a sweet birdling too,
And when I gaze on its loved form again,
Two hearts entwined will unfold to my view.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EVAN LLOYD was at his betrothed's house that evening, and in the brilliantly lighted boudoir which formed the last of the suite of rooms which had been so tastefully fitted up by Paul's brotherly love.

Evan was alone, but his restless, anxious glances at the door told that he was expecting some one to enter whose presence would relieve him from his own unwelcome companionship.

Solitude was certainly not grateful to the young man at that moment, when so many harassing and ominous circumstances threatened approaching retribution—when the slightest disarrangement of his complicated and selfish schemes would bring on him the ruin he so well deserved.

Laura's wedding dress, veil, and bridal wreath had just arrived, and with his usual impetuosity the bridegroom had urged her to don this dress at once, that he might see how beautiful she would be when the wedding morn came.

"But they say it is a bad omen, dearest Evan," she replied, half seriously, half smiling, "and that if the wedding dress is put on in jest, it will never be worn in solemn earnest."

"Nonsense, darling," said Evan; "you have too much sense to believe such superstitious gossip, and surely my Laura's love is stronger than her faith in old wives' tales."

Laura could not withstand the tender reproach, and at once left the room to obey her imperious lover's behest.

Evan was a very tyrant, and so completely master of that once proud heart, that he could rule it as entirely as he could the soft, feminine nature of Winifred Herbert.

And now, with impatient curiosity, rather than eager love, he was waiting Laura's return from the dressing-room.

Presently the door opened, and Laura stood before him dressed in her bridal costume.

The crimson curtains sweeping over the windows served that lovely picture as a background.

The lights of a gilded candelabrum fell across her robe of thick white silk, and made the silver bouquets with which it was brocaded glitter with frost-like brightness.

Diamond fell like dew among the orange blossoms and myrtle that wreathed her beautiful hair, and lighted up her stomacher in clusters of flashing rainbow brilliancy.

From the rustling folds of her robe, and the softer cloud of her costly lace veil, peeped her little feet in her dainty satin shoes, with rubies, lying like frozen flame, in the heart of each white rosette.

Evan sprang to her side, and bent one knee before her in really startled admiration.

The fever of gratitude, triumph and pride glowed in his eyes.

Was she to be blamed if she mistook it for love?

No.

The idea made her yet more lovely from the peachy bloom it brought to her cheeks, and the sly gladness that broke through the downcast lashes.

"Now," she said, blushing and smiling like an over-dressed child, "may I go and take these things off before Paul comes in to laugh at us? or have you some defect to point out?"

"Defect!" exclaimed Evan. "Who shall presume to question anything you wear or say?

"I would challenge the whole world to find fault with one feature of body or mind or look on me save with wonder and envy that I have secured such a prize."

"I care not so that you are pleased," said Laura, blushing happily, as she swept past him and tried to make her escape.

Evan caught her hand and kissed it ardently.

She smiled and struggled to get away from his grasp, and then, with a half tender, half coquettish protest, obeyed his gesture, and stood on an ottoman which stood by his chair.

There, with those rich garments floating on the carpet, like an Eastern sultana, she formed another picture, at which he gazed with greedy triumph.

There is seldom perfect equality in marriage, because from depth of affection or circumstance the balance of love usually preponderates on one side, rendering one party a monarch and the other a subject.

That man or woman is generous, indeed, if he or she never presume upon the power which is obtained through excess of love in another.

Evan was not of this class.

He delighted in testing the extent of his authority over that queenly nature, and he kept her at his feet as we trifle with a child.

"So you like the dress," she said, looking up in his face with a sweet, sly glance.

"But I was very foolish to indulge you," she added, playfully.

"It will seem so old and familiar when next I wear it!"

"Perhaps," said Evan, carelessly; "I am always too impatient, and brush the down from my fruit.

"But, no, dearest," he added, seeing her change color, "it is beautiful enough for a second dazzling surprise; and one never tires of such realities as these.

"There is power as well as brilliancy in them."

He touched the cluster of jewels in her bosom with a gleam in his eyes that made her shrink.

Could it be that he cared for those things, not because they were hers, but from the value they represented?

She did not venture to put the question to her intellect, though she instinctively felt it in her heart.

For a moment it clouded the brightness of her beautiful face.

Evan marked it, and touched her cheek.

"Do you love me?" he said, in a voice that was in its very tone a caress.

Laura blushed like a flower when the sun rises, but only answered with a brilliant flash of the eyes and a smile that fell upon him like a glow of light.

Evan leaned back in his chair, toying with the rings upon her fingers, and drinking in the fulness of proud happiness.

At that moment all was forgotten: Winifred, Allnutt, the insolent intruder, conscience, memory, were all swallowed up in the intoxication of the beauty, love, and splendor which were soon to be, nay, which seemed now to be his own.

Again he bent down and pressed his lips to the full, scarlet, tempting mouth, that grew yet warmer under his caress.

"Laura, my beautiful, my queen, are you happy?" he once more said, or rather murmured.

"Oh, so happy, Evan, so blest!" she replied.

"I seem to lose my very identity in yours; to have no separate existence from you. It half frightens me, Evan."

"Delicious flattery from those beautiful proud lips," he said, half smiling at her romantic enthusiasm.

"It is homage worth having from one so queenly as my haughty Laura."

"Ah, Evan," she said, somewhat sadly, "I was proud till I loved, but the pride is all gone now.

"Till I knew you, I could not have imagined submitting to such sweet tyranny. But, Evan, will you answer me one question, and then I must go and put on some civilized dress, or the very servants will think I am mad?"

"Well, what womanly fit of curiosity has seized my Laura?" he asked lightly, though there was an uneasy glance in his eye as he spoke.

"Did you ever love before you knew me?" he asked.

"What a question!" said Evan, with a forced, unmirthful laugh, "as if every youth has not a dozen fancies before he is twenty, beginning with his first partner at the dancing-school!"

"I don't mean such nonsense as that," said Laura, with a touch of her old imperious impatience.

"I mean real, true, serious love, Evan."

There was a moment's pause, and her dark, magnificent eyes were fixed on Evan's face with a questioning earnestness that it was hard to meet unmoved.

Evan's heart failed him with a strange fear.

He had gone far deeper in deceit and crime than giving a false answer to such a natural woman's question, and yet he felt like the man who is about to commit perjury for the first time, and shrinks before that deeper plunge into the pit of falsehood and crime.

But it must be done.

There was no escape from those penetrating eyes, no evading that strong, earnest will.

"Never!" he replied.

The word came slowly and deliberately, and Laura's heart drank in each syllable thus decidely pronounced.

"Not that lovely Madonna-girl, with her romantic, quaint name, soft as herself—that sweet Winifred, my preserver?" she said. "Ah, your eyes smile at the very name, Evan."

"Never!" came once more from the pale lips; and almost at the same moment they heard the tones of a clear, ringing woman's voice, pronouncing, slowly and deliberately as himself, "It is false!"

Laura uttered a faint shriek, Evan started to his feet, and both gazed eagerly round the well-lighted apartment, but no one was there.

Evan rushed impetuously into the adjoining apartment, over the folding-doors to which hung a heavy velvet curtain, that he fancied shook slightly as he first looked up, on the sound of that warning voice.

But that room was empty, though the lights being only partially lighted at that early hour, the culprit might have escaped observation more easily than in the boudoir.

He darted through the suite of splendid rooms, and once fancied he heard a rustle of dress.

When he gained the staircase there was no one visible.

He rushed down the broad stone steps, of which the rich tulok carpets gave no sound to the footsteps into the long wide hall.

The door was open, and a vehicle was at the door, from which the servants were taking some luggage.

But Evan's mind was too full of the late occurrence to heed the circumstance, and he inquired impatiently of the porter if any one had just left the house.

"Can't say for sure, sir," was the reply.

"You see the door was opened for that gentleman, who has just arrived. Jenny, did you see any one go out?"

"Only some woman," replied Jenny. "I suppose it was one of the work-women, who have been in and out so much."

"What was she like?" asked the young man, impatiently.

"Why, sir, I really did not notice much," said Jenny, "seeing it was no business of mine; but she seemed a middle-aged female, rather tall, and not bad looking for that sort of person."

"Tall," "middle-aged."

It could not be Winifred, and Evan breathed more freely.

Still the voice, the words were there; and what would Laura say?

How could he explain to her clear, exacting mind this most untoward and exasperating occurrence?

He felt that every moment's delay must be dangerous, and without waiting for the entrance of the individual who was slowly descending from the cab, he rushed up stairs to Laura's boudoir.

He heeded not the sound of his own name, nor the indignant tones of the pompous porter, addressed to some unfortunate individual endeavoring apparently to effect an entrance.

"The count can't be troubled with such as you," grumbled the porter; "besides, he has company just arrived.

"Be off, I say, or I'll shut the door on your dirty fingers!"

"I tell you, I know Tom Jenkins; and I'm here at his appointment!" exclaimed the applicant, still pressing against the door. "I must and will see the count."

The town-bred porter had small respect for the friends of the country servants, and with a hint as to the nearness of the next police court, he slammed the door in the face of Jonas Harper.

The man stood for a moment on the step, his stern face betraying the deep passion within, and then he moved slowly away.

"The other will be better," he murmured.

"It will punish the insolence of the whole aristocratic lot; and, after all, revenge is sweeter than gold, and more sure. Yes, I'll go at once," he repeated, walking briskly away.

Evan meanwhile had retraced his steps, and found himself once more at Laura's side.

She stood almost where he left her, motionless and white as her bridal veil.

She had been too cowardly or too proud to follow him in his pursuit.

"Laura, my beloved, why look like this?" he asked tenderly.

"Why let an insolent jest affect you like this?"

Laura did not reply for a moment.

The words came low and difficult from her pale lips.

"Evan, is it—is it true?" she asked.

"Can you ask me, Laura?" he said, with well-acted and reproachful tenderness. "I thought you loved me better."

"Loved you! Oh Heaven!" she said; and there was a world of anguish and tenderness in the tone, that touched Evan's hard heart.

"My love—my Laura," said he, "do not doubt me. You are my only love—my adored one!—my——"

He was about to say wife, but the noise of steps was heard, and Laura started from his encircling arm.

"Evan, one word—in mercy, one word, ere we are disturbed," she almost gasped. "Was it false?"

"As the basest slander that ever blighted man or woman's fame," was the reply.

For once in Evan's life the falsehood was for the sake of another not his own.

He could not resist the look of heart-stricken agony in that proud face, which before was so radiant with joy and happy love.

Laura gazed eagerly in his face.

She read there the real, honest feelings of the moment.

How was she to guess the inner workings of that subtle heart?

The color returned faintly to her beautiful cheek, and her eyes filled with bright, happy tears.

Her hand was confidingly placed in Evan's for a moment, and then, with a hasty kiss, she darted from the room by one door as her brother entered the other, bringing with him an unexpected, and to Evan, at that moment, most unwelcome and alarming visitor—Sir William Lloyd.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN a small but well-furnished and airy room, one of the sleeping apartments of a lonely cottage in the most secluded part of Herefordshire, sat a tall, middle-aged woman, who might still claim the appellation of handsome.

The aquiline feature, black hair and eyes, and clear brunette skin, were precisely the style that most effectually defies the hand of time.

Matilda Pearce was past the thirty-fifth anniversary of her birth, and it might be even yet another or two of those unwelcome reminders of the lapse of years, she had lost as few of her former attractions as could be possible, when youth was gone for ever.

Perhaps the effect of advanced age was rather to be traced in the unquiet, somewhat hard expression of her face, the compression of her once full, rich lips, and the lines on her broad forehead, than in actual fading or change of complexion and features.

An observer would have pronounce that a happier fate, or gentler temper, might have retained to an unusual age the attractions of youth, and that circumstances and deep passions had been more censurable than poor, much-abused, and inexorable Time for any marks on that handsome face and form.

And yet there was a touch of womanly softness in her firm determined countenance, as she sat, her eyes fixed on that low white couch near her chair, and on which lay a youthful and far more lovely female than the watcher, in her most palmy days, could ever have appeared.

The girl who lay suffering on that low bed was, perhaps, seventeen or eighteen years of age, and no illness or sorrow could obliterate the loveliness of her features, and pure skin and rich fair hair.

Her eyes were closed, and only the long fair lashes could give an idea of their color and probable beauty.

The whole expression of the face bespoke childlike innocence and purity, and exceeding gentleness of temper.

It was a countenance that would win love, and pity, and claim fostering care from the coldest heart, and might have served for a model for a Ruth, or a Rachel, in its pure, gentle, youthful sadness.

Matilda sat and watched, then looked at a watch lying near her, then took up a book, but evidently without being able to fix her thoughts on its contents.

At last, some papers, closely written in a bold masculine hand, which lay on the table, seemed to attract her notice.

She drew them towards her, and went carefully through the contents.

She then folded and endorsed them "Papers found in the bureau at——"

The name of the place was indicated only by asterisks and cyphers, which were unintelligible to any but the initiated.

Then the female carefully sealed the packet, and placed it in a small writing case, which she locked, and hung the key round her neck.

Then she put the case in a bag that lay in a corner of the room, and resumed her silent watch by the sick bed.

"He will return to-morrow," she murmured, softly, "and this poor child's peace and quiet will be at an end.

"And yet, she is in no state to be removed or even disturbed by any rude or unwelcome presence."

Perhaps the sound of the voice, gentle as it was, awoke the invalid, or else her slumber was at an end.

She opened her beautiful eyes, moved restlessly, and at last gave a deep, sad sigh.

"How are you, my poor child!" asked the female.

"I don't know—better, I suppose," replied the girl, wearily. "Would that I had died!"

"Hush, hush, you must not speak like that," said Matilda; "here, drink this, I have had it ready for an hour and more."

It was a refreshing, cooling mixture, made from various ingredients, known to few but the amateur students of herbal treasures.

At any rate, it had the merit of being palatable and reviving, whatever might be its other virtues.

"You are very kind; thank you," said the girl, and then her head sank wearily again on the pillow.

"Come, my child, rouse yourself," said the female again.

"You will need your strength, if you are to be moved to-morrow; and it seems your malady is on the mind now, more than in the body."

"To-morrow?" repeated the girl, with a slight shudder. "Where—with whom?"

"I know not where," was the reply; "but he who brought you here, will take you home.

"Have you no idea where he is likely to convey you?"

"No, no, no," cried the girl, starting, and looking wildly round "I cannot, I will not go.

"Oh, save me! save me!—only let me stay till I die—it will not be long."

"Poor child!—poor child!" said Matilda looking pityingly on her.

"Have you no friends but that gentleman?"

"I have no friends now," said the girl with a shudder;—"none; no home but the grave."

"No parents?" said Matilda.

The girl moaned piteously, and turned her head from the questioner, burying her face in the pillow, as if to stifle the sobs that rose to her throat.

Matilda sat for a moment or two, watching the fragile form with a half-contemptuous, half-tender pity.

The beating of the poor, over-burdened heart could be seen under the coverlet of the bed, and the low moan could be heard from the smothered lips.

"Winifred, Winifred," said Matilda, softly.

"Is not that your name?"

The girl uncovered her sweet face at the familiar sound, and looked eagerly at her companion.

"Yes, yes, yes," she replied; "but I would have it forgotten now. Did he tell you?"

"He told me nothing but that you had been taken ill while on a journey, and that he was an old friend of your father's, and wished me to nurse you and take care of you till you were better, when he would accompany you to where you were going," replied the female.

"But I heard him call you Winifred once."

"Was I ill long?" asked the girl. "You must have been very kind to me."

"Not so long as I expected," was the reply.

"It was an attack of fever, and you were delirious for some days, but when that abated you soon rallied.

"It was, I think, about three weeks ago since you were brought here."

"Three weeks!" repeated Winifred, mournfully; "it is all over now then. Too late! too late!"

"What is over?" asked the woman—"a death? or what is sometimes worse, a marriage?

"To se are the only events that are irrevocable in this world, and both bring wretchedness more often than any other."

Winifred did not reply.

Her delicate, sensitive nature shrank from opening her disgrace and misery to a stranger, even in her hour of utter weakness and helplessness.

And then her oath!—that must not be broken.

And how tell her story without vindicating her fair fame?

She could not, by the recital, bring on herself the shame which she did not merit.

The beautiful eyes of the stranger were bent keenly on Winifred as she lay, pale and crushed, yet silently uncomplaining, and then her rigid features relaxed into a sweeter, gentler expression than they could have been supposed capable of wearing.

"Listen to me my child," said the woman. "I will not harass you with questions if you cannot or do not choose to trust me: but there is something in your face which brings back my childish days; it looks so young, so innocent, so confiding in its sorrow.

"I will believe you, unhesitatingly, if you answer me only one question. Do not look so terrified.

"I will not blame you, poor child, if you have fallen, but I shall know better from the reply if anything can be done for you. Is that your grief, Winifred?

"Have you been weak, or too credulous, too loving, and now are suffering the penalty? Tell me, if only by a sign."

Winifred seized the hand that was laid caressingly on her, and pressed it eagerly to her lips.

"Ask nothing," she whispered; "I have been wrong, imprudent, undutiful. I am justly punished; but it is not what you think; at least——"

She stopped.

The dread of violating that terrible oath again seized her morbidly tender conscience, and she looked piteously in her companion's face, as if to secure her forbearance.

"God help you, poor child!" said the woman.

"I see it all—the old, old story; Heaven forbid that I should judge you hardly. But what has Hugh Evans to do with you? What does he want? He is not one to serve without an object."

"He found me alone, desolate," replied the poor girl.

"He said he would help me. What could I do?"

"Does he know your story?" asked the woman.

Again there was silence.

Winifred dreaded every word that might reveal her secret.

Yet she clung to that stranger, one of her own sex, who looked kind and strong.

Gentle and weak as she was, the girl inherited some of her father's strength and candor.

She raised herself on her pillow, and looked more calmly and fearlessly at the woman than she had dared to do.

"You are good and kind to me, lady," she said; "I fear I seem ungrateful, but I dare not answer your question, lest I might unwillingly be led to say what would make me, what I am not now, guilty of a crime. I must say no more than what I have told you.

"I have deeply erred, but I have not fallen," she added; and the hot blood rushed over her pale face, giving it some of its old beauty.

"Enough," said the woman, bending down and kissing her; "I believe you, child; and if I can, I will serve you in need. I, too, have suffered deeply—bitterly; I, too, shall be content to lie down in the grave when I have cleared the memory and avenged the death of one I loved as only strong natures can."

Winifred's eyes were fixed on the speaker with a look of greater interest than she had yet shown for anything since her return to consciousness.

She could not have been won from her wretched absorption in her own fate but by grief like her own.

Matilda Pearce saw it, and indulged the patient in whom she had begun to take so strange an interest.

"It may console you," she said, "to know there are others as injured and wretched as yourself. I will tell you something of my own story.

"I was the daughter of a merchant—it matters not who—but he had a sister, and that sister had a son.

"He was some years younger than I; but, Winifred, I loved him—loved him because no one else did, for through all his ungainliness, his reserve, there was an intellect—a strong will that was akin to my own, and that drew me to him, and made me feel that he was my equal—nay, my master, though I was a woman when he was merely a boy.

"He was poor; and that, and the difference of our ages, prevented anyone suspecting my secret; and he, I know, loved me, but dare not say so openly.

"He went to college, and there he met with one who proved his curse.

"He was tempted to do what would have exposed him to disgrace, ruin—perhaps to death; and then this so-called friend got the mastery over him, to his ruin.

"I can see it all now, understand all the dark hints he gave me, and his determination never to meet my father after the commission of a deed that my father would have punished to the very gallows, had he been able to prove what he strongly suspected.

"Time went on; my lover—for he was my lover; I had proof of it ere then—would have prospered but for that one terrible curse on his every exertion; but then that enemy was ever at hand to madden his proud spirit, and make him feel the galling bondage in which he was held.

"At last my father died. I had enough wealth for him and myself, too; and I wrote to tell him so, glad that I could offer him some equivalent for the years that I could not deduct from my own life. There was no reply.

"I wrote again; he was missing; no one knew whither he had gone. I went myself to seek him; they said he had left the country.

"I got his address. I wrote—still no answer. My proud heart chafed and burned with resentment, such as only a slighted woman feels.

"I wrote the gentleman in whose family he held a confidential position.

"I told him enough to destroy his confidence in the traitor, as I then deemed him, though even yet I could not bring myself to inflict on him the penalty his crime deserved.

"The answer came, and then it told me all. My lover and the person who filled the position in the writer's family were evidently not one and the same.

"There had been some terrible accident or some foul play. I rested not until I had traced enough to tell me there was murder to avenge, and that the criminal was the very man who had been the curse of my unhappy cousin's life.

"And now, as I told you, I live only for vengeance. All hope, all happiness in life is gone.

"At my age, love is never conquered or forgotten; and my nature is too hard, too unchanging, to receive new interests, or new affections.

"My heart is dead, save to the one burning desire of my life, and the hour seems near when it will be gratified."

Matilda had spoken in a low, stern tone, rather as if giving vent to an irresistible impulse, than any wish to confide in the pale girl who looked half sympathizing, half repelled, by the hard, bitter grief of her companion.

"You do not understand me," said Matilda, after a pause. "We are of different natures."

"I cannot tell," said Winifred, "but it seems so dreadful to feel such anger as you do. "I could die of grief for one I loved—die rather than injure him; but I could not revenge even his wrongs. That is God's, not man's, prerogative."

Her soft, Madonna-like eyes were turned to the sky, and a calmer look came over her face.

The very thought of the Almighty power, and Infinite love of the King of whom she spoke, seemed to bring some support to her stricken heart.

"Would you forgive such a wrong as that?" asked Matilda.

"It is more difficult, I know, in your case," replied Winifred, with a deep sigh; "but I do from the bottom of my heart forgive one who has brought misery on me, and on—"

Her voice failed her, and she could not go on.

Ay, poor Winifred, your parents' utter desolation and wretchedness has been wrought by the wrong to yourself.

Could you—ought you, Winifred, to pardon that?

Matilda's lips moved, a look of scorn came over her face for a moment, and then a kinder expression softened her compressed mouth.

"It is well," she said. "I will not disturb your saintly ideas, but they are not for me.

"And now you must be quiet, or you will not be able to see Hugh Evans when he comes for you."

"Oh, do not leave me with him—do not let him take me from you!" cried the girl, starting up, and clinging wildly to the hand that was arranging her pillows. "I do so fear him."

"And yet you trusted yourself to him," said Matilda.

"What could I do?" said Winifred, sadly; "I had no choice, no hope. I only wanted a place to die in. I scarcely knew what I did."

"Well, well, we shall see," said Matilda. "I will talk to him. I do not know his plans yet; but mark me, Winifred, I cannot offend him.

"He holds in his hands the clue I want; but what is possible, without ruining my own plans, I will do.

"Perhaps he may leave you till you have grown stronger. He cannot, one would think, wish to be burdened with a helpless invalid."

"Oh, if he would—if he would but only leave me with you!" cried the girl. "And if I could only know that those I left were well, and would pardon me, I could die in peace, when it pleases God to end my weary life."

Tears came into Matilda's eyes—they had long been strangers there.

But the emotion was not an unpleasing one.

She kissed Winifred with the tenderness of an elder sister.

"Fallen or not, "you are too good for this world," said Matilda. "Rest quietly, child. At least, he shall not move you till you are stronger.

"It would be barbarity—murder; and so I will tell him. He would not dare to provoke me."

"Oh, thank you—you are very kind," said Winifred.

Like a penitent child, she kissed the hand she held, while tears fell fast and thick on her thin fingers.

Her lip quivered lightly, and her breath was drawn quick and short, as the tears gradually subsided, and the wet lashes dropped on her pale cheek, with the coming sleep of exhaustion.

Matilda turned from the bed when Winifred's eyes were fairly closed, and then softly stole from the room.

She descended the stairs to a small but tastefully-furnished sitting-room, a door of which was partly open, presenting to view a tenant of the lady's apartment, whom she was unprepared to see at that particular time.

Seated in a huge chair, near an open secretary, and carelessly engaged in turning over a portfolio that lay before him, was the large, unprepossessing form of Hugh Evans.

The lady stared rather haughtily as her eyes fell on the unmoved intruder, who scarcely rose as she entered.

"This is somewhat sudden, Mr. Evans. I did not expect you till to-morrow," she said, coldly.

"Probably," he replied. "I am a man of business—generally before my time; and I knew I should find you at home, and a ready welcome for me."

"I prefer having proper notice of a visitor's arrival," said the lady, glancing at the portfolio.

"How long have you been here? and why was I not informed of your presence?"

"Oh, I told the slavey she need not disturb you," said Hugh. "I thought Winifred might be asleep, and she said you were in her room. How is the poor child?"

"Very weak; not equal to any exertion or agitation," replied Matilda.

"Any better in spirits?" he asked.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Well, continued Hugh, "I am come to see what I can do for her. Nothing like a change in such cases."

"I don't agree with you in this case," said Matilda, coolly moving the table from Hugh Evan's side, and closing the portfolio with a look that would have conveyed crushing reproof to a less hardened offender.

"Hum," said he; "what do you recommend then? What do you say to a husband?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Evans," replied Matilda. "Is it a joke, or have you really any good news for the poor child?"

"She has told you her grievances, then?" said Hugh, with a sneer.

"She has told me nothing," replied Matilda; "but it was easy to guess the cause of her misery; and there is something that strangely interests me. Do you bring her news of her——"

She stopped and Hugh filled up the sentence.

"Sweetheart, I suppose you mean. 'Tis a good travelling word that—means anything or nothing—maid, wife, or widow, or——"

"I care little for terms, Mr. Evans," said the lady impatiently; "but as you understand my question, perhaps you will answer it. You spoke of a husband for the poor child; then of course she is already married?"

"You have a good head for drawing conclusions, Miss Pearce," said Hugh, "you would do for a detective. But, what is more to the purpose just now, Winifred is going to be married."

"To whom?" asked Matilda; "her old lover?"

"Yes, a very old lover," replied Hugh. "To myself."

Matilda started, and the withering look of contemptuous astonishment she gave the overlooker would have galled a less hardened spirit to the quick.

"You!" she exclaimed; "its a stupid jest, Mr. Evans, to which I must be excused replying."

"It is no jest," he answered; "I am going to marry the girl; and a piece of good luck for her, which might not have happened in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Few men would be as obliging as myself under the circumstances."

"Does she consent?" asked Matilda.

"She will," he replied; so don't trouble yourself on that subject, Miss Pearce. Winifred and I understand each other. All the assistance that I shall trouble you for, is to witness the ceremony."

"Which I shall certainly decline," was the haughty reply.

"As you please," said Hugh; "you know me tolerably well by this time. I give nothing where I receive nothing. Which will get the worst of the bargain, I leave you to decide."

"You go too far, Mr. Evans," said Matilda, with an impatient gesture. "Our compact is perfectly distinct from such an affair as this. I engaged to you a certain sum for certain services, but not to constitute myself your friend, your agent, or your tool. Nothing on earth could induce me to stoop to such degradation."

Hugh's face was unmoved, save a very slight flush came on his sallow, hard cheek.

"You are a woman, Miss Pearce," said he, "and women's tongues are privileged. But I give you credit for a little more sense than most of your sex, as well as a good deal more determination and self-control, where you have set your mind on a thing. Perhaps there is not so much difference in our feelings and objects as you suppose."

The lady's lips were even more compressed than usual; but the flashing of her proud eyes showed the indignant passion that boiled in her heart. She dared not speak, or she might have ruined long-cherished plans that were the sole object of her life.

"I understand your look, Miss Pearce," continued Hugh; "but if there is the God of whom people talk so much and believe in so little, He made us all alike, and does not see any difference in us now we are in the world. We can all love, and all hate. You want to revenge the man you loved: that is your ruling passion; and if he were alive again you would also want to marry him. I intend to have my revenge, and to marry the woman I love; so there is no great difference between us, I think."

"You!" repeated Matilda, "you love that young creature, that almost child? It is ridiculous!"

The blood now rushed to Hugh's face, but he checked it, and the next moment he was as cool and unmoved as before.

"Ridiculous, or not, it is true," said he. "I tell you I have had just two great things to live for since I was turned out into the world—wealth and love. Kicked out of the relation's house, who was tired of keeping me, when I was fourteen years old, I swore, by fair means or foul, I would be a richer man than any of my kin.

"When I saw Winifred, twenty years after, I swore she should be my wife. The man who came between us was the very man I determined to make the last stepping-stone to my fortune.

"He robbed me of the girl I loved, then cast her off like a broken toy. He refused, scornfully, the terms I asked, which would have brought him wealth, as well as myself, if he had complied with them.

"I vowed revenge. I have nearly reached the hour when I shall strike the blow which will destroy his fairest prospects, snatch from him rank, fortune, and a rich bride. To complete my triumph, it only remains for me to marry the woman I love before I punish the man I hate."

Matilda had listened attentively to the stern, low tones in which Hugh spoke; her own feelings were so similiar to his for her not to comprehend him; and yet it seemed a hateful mockery to hear that low-born, middle-aged, repulsive man talk of love and revenge, such as she had cherished in the romance and deep intensity of her woman's heart.

It was like the reflection of a huge magnifying glass, distorting and exaggerating the loveliest objects into deformity and ugliness.

Still, what the man said was true; one common nature, age, and one congenial temperment united her with the very man who appeared so odious, so repulsive in his unveiled, unbridled passions.

For a moment the beautiful, refined woman hesitated in her course; shrank from the very consummation she had so long and ardently desired.

But that short period of better feelings, of more womanly, more Christian ideas, was soon over, soon past; the strong, ungoverned, and, as Hugh Evans had justly said, most dominant passions of love and hate resumed their sway, and by a strong effort Matilda Pearce conquered the haughty indignation which Hugh's insolent assumption had raised; it was, as she flattered herself, one more sacrifice to the memory and injuries to her murdered lover.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, with a quiet dignity that had more effect on the insolent overlooker than any exhibition of passion; "but you can understand that the passions and feelings have as many varieties as the features, and differ at different ages, and in different persons. However, we had better leave this subject, and go to the point. I do not believe Winifred will consent to marry you. She would die first."

"The more reason that you should exert any influence you have for me," said Hugh,

"I cannot," replied Matilda. "In her present state it would be too cruel."

"I am sorry for it, as your own success depends on it," said Hugh.

"Mine!" exclaimed Matilda. "Mr. Evans, this is too much; you are trifling with me," she added, angrily.

"Not at all," said he; "I will not, nay I cannot give you the clue which will bring the murderer of your cousin to justice, till I have secured Winifred as my wife. You can decide, according to your own ideas, what assistence you like to give."

Matilda rose hastily, and paced the small room with hurried steps.

"You are imposing on me," she said, impatiently. "I grant, you have much in your power; but you little know Matilda Pearce if you expect to do by trickery and deception what you cannot do by more open means. There can be no connection between your marriage and my just revenge on a wretched criminal."

"You can think what you please, Miss Pearce, and act as you like," said Hugh. "I tell you I am not trifling, nor am I deceiving you, as you may find to your cost. One depends on the other, and I certainly shall not sacrifice my wishes and plans for yours. Now you understand me, and I know you have sense enough to act accordingly."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the lady spoke in her usual calm tone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE longest night that Cristine Singleton had ever passed were to an end at last.

As she drew back the curtains and looked out with tired eyes upon the dull deserted street, she saw that the lights were burning dimly in the raw rosiness of the dawn and threw up the window with a long breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven for the day!" she cried, with a strong shudder.

"I did not know I was so superstitious; but night is horrible beneath this roof!"

She looked round the small daintily-furnished room, as though she feared grim spectres lurking in its corners.

There was a horror in her thoughts which had made sleep impossible, a dread in the remembrance that an all-but-confessed murderess shared the roof, and, worse than all, a bitter disappointment, a haunting fear that where she had hoped to make expiation she had but done further wrong.

In truth, the night in which her whole life had, as it were, been passed under review would have been a nightmare horror spent in any place.

For the first time she seemed to see her own conduct as others must needs see it, to loathe her own cruel treachery as others must needs loathe it and her.

Conscience had been long in waking, but it had wakened fully now.

She would have stopped at no sacrifice to ensure the safety and happiness of the girl whose pardon she had won already.

What would the day bring forth?

She pondered the question with hopeless persistency, while the cool morning breeze ruffled the hair curls upon her feverish brow and the light grew momentarily stronger in the eastern sky.

Would Lady Olivia confess?

No, that was hardly likely now.

What wildest agitation and most frenzied terror, what remorse and surprise, struggling in a passionate impulsive nature, had failed to wring forth would hardly now be spoken in cold blood.

Heavier and heavier grew Cristine's heart, more and more keen her self-reproach, as she realized how utterly she had failed in her expiatory task.

It might be possible to bring the crime home to the guilty woman by other means than hers.

It might be possible to clear Nora's name and give her back the all of which a cruel suspicion had robbed her; but the task seemed terribly hopeless.

Cristine could find no comfort in her memory of the past evening's work, could find nothing there but the great glaring fact that she had once again betrayed her step-sister into an enemy's hand.

It was hardly daylight yet.

The servants were still sleeping, and no sound broke the silence of the house; but inactivity became unbearable to the girl whose weary eyes slumber had never touched.

She rose impatiently from her place, bathed and dressed, plaited her long fair hair, and donned her walking-dress, starting a little at the haggard face confronting her in the glass, and wondering, with a little selfish pang, if Benjada would recognize his lily-queen in this wild-eyed woman.

The next moment she smiled drearily at the thought.

Benjada had passed out of her life, of course, and with him had passed all the hopes of ease and wealth and freedom she had nursed so fondly but a day or two before.

Had he not told her that deceit or treachery in the woman he loved would be the one unpardonable sin in his eyes.

Had she not proved a double traitress here?

The clock upon the chimney-piece rang out a pretty silvery chime, startling her from her painful thoughts.

Was it only six still?

It seemed to her that it must be already noon.

It would be another hour before the maid would bring her morning cup of tea, before the ordinary sights and sounds of the workaday world might help dissipate the nightmare feeling of haunting dread that hung around her still in the clear morning light.

She found herself longing intensely for the sound of a human voice, the sight of a human face, in this phantom-haunted chamber.

How had the night passed with Lady Olivia?

She shuddered as she asked herself the question.

And then quite suddenly the invitation given over-night flashed across her mind, filling it with new energy and purpose—

"Come to me early in the morning. I may try to escape, you know."

The words, spoken with a bitter mocking emphasis, rang in her ears with all the force of a command.

She would go at once.

It was already morning, and hardly possible, she thought, that the miserable woman, shut up with her guilty secret, should be sleeping still.

She stole with noiseless step across the corridor, looking, with her resolute light eyes and pale set face, weird and unearthly enough to frighten a chance comer, pitiless and unrelenting as a messenger of fate.

She turned the handle of Lady Olivia's door, and, with a heart that beat incomprehensibly fast, stood within the threshold of her room.

The change from the clear daylight of her own chamber dazzled and well-nigh blinded her.

Here the curtains were drawn, so that the only ray of daylight came through the door behind Cristine.

But, like every other room of Lady Olivia's, this blazed with artificial lustre.

On either side of the chimney-piece, from which Lord de Gretton's black-framed face looked down with the cold contemptuous smile that was terribly familiar to Cristine, two tall wax-candles burned with soft clear light, two more were on the dressing-table, and in the centre of the room was a large rose-shaded lamp, beside which stood writing-materials and a well-filled envelope, apparently just made ready for the post.

So much the new-comer saw in the first rapid glance.

Then her eyes wandered to the bed.

It was empty.

As she expected, her hostess had no more attempted to court slumber than she herself had done.

But where was she?

Not in the room!

In that full light there was no shadowy corner in which the smallest child could for a second lurk unseen.

Cristine felt herself shiver with a chill indefinite fear.

"Lady Olivia!"

She paused at the dressing-room door, calling the name in a faint tremulous voice that could hardly have pierced the silken portiere.

Somehow she dared not lift it—she had grown so strangely cowardly to-day.

"Lady Olivia!"

Her tones rose thin and shrill, her heart beat faster and faster, but no sound came from within.

Should she raise the thin silken hanging, and look perhaps upon——

She grew faint at the ghastly images her overstrained fancy conjured up, and, as she turned away involuntarily, her eye rested on the large letter she had noticed already.

It was directed to herself.

She caught at the table unsteadily.

For its support she must have fallen to the ground.

It was—it must be—the confession!

It must be Nora's freedom and happiness that lay there within reach of her hand.

For a moment all her fears were swallowed up in the overpowering rapture of that thought.

She tore the envelope apart, and unfolded the closely-written sheets of paper with hands that trembled over the task.

The first words that met her gaze set alike her hopes and her fears at rest.

"Cristine Singleton,—I have kept my word—I have escaped, and your step-sister is safe. She may come forth from her living grave to-morrow, and look the whole world boldly in the face, for by to-morrow all the world will know that she was wronged and innocent."

Cristine could read no more for the glad, happy tears that overflowed her eyes and, falling on the paper, blurred the firm clear writing and made the sentences on which a life hung indistinct.

Her heart swelled almost bursting with hysteric gratitude, and a great choking lump rose in her throat.

She would not try to read more now—she would take it to Nora.

Her long agony should be lengthened by no unnecessary second, they would read together the tardy confession of the woman whose terror and remorse had conquered at last, the woman who had—escaped.

In the tumultuous rush of feelings that thrilled her Cristine never paused to think in what fashion that escape had been effected.

That all her senses had been acutely on the alert through the past night, that the sound of even a muffled footstep on the stair must needs have reached her, and the closing of the hall door have awakened curiosity, if not alarm, never seemed to strike her now.

She could remember only that Nora would be safe, and through her, that the long wrong would be undone at last.

Hurriedly tying a veil across the face that, with its flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, was unlike the face of the old Cristine as had been the ghastly terror-stricken visage she looked upon an hour before, she ran down the stairs and left the house without encountering a living soul.

Probably in all her life Cristine had never been abroad at that hour before; but the strangeness of the streets never struck her, nor was she conscious of the curious glances cast upon her by the various servant-maids who brushed and scrubbed their steps, or chatted with listless coquetry with the yawning milkmen at the area gates.

The distance between Green Street and Vance Singleton's lodgings was considerable.

She traversed it with a speed that, at any other moment would have surprised herself.

Yet it seemed to her that she would never reach the house she was to enter as a messenger of joy.

The clocks were striking eight as she knocked at the door, thinking as she did so that the joyous excited throbbing of her own heart was louder than the nervous rat-tat-tat.

As it was, however, the servant who answered her summons showed no surprise at seeing her, but moved at once to let her pass up the stairs.

"Mrs. Vansittart is up, I suppose?" Cristine asked; then, suddenly remembering that it was extremely improbable her sister-in-law would be visible at such an hour, she corrected herself with commendable coolness, and said that Mr. or Miss Vansittart would serve her purpose as well.

"Miss Vansittart!"

The girl checked herself, with a quick, scared, backward look over her shoulder, as though dreading immediate reproof.

Cristine then noticed the curious look of suppressed excitement in the usually stolid face.

The girl looked as though there were something she longed to tell yet feared to touch upon.

The impression was so strong that Miss Singleton paused on her upward way to inquire if anything had happened to Mrs. Vansittart, or if the baby were ill.

"No, no; they are right enough!"

The girl jerked out the words with a species of nervous irritation that took all sense of comfort from the sound.

"It's Miss Van—— But there—it's no use asking me; they are up, and can tell you. For the matter of that, they have been up all night."

More and more bewildered by what she saw and what she heard, Cristine passed slowly up the stairs and entered the morning-room—the room in which Nora's dainty taste and Nettie's deft fingers had replaced the depressing monotony of an ordinary lodging-house sitting-room by home-like prettiness and grace, despite the abiding sorrow that it shrined.

Cristine had never entered it without a sense of rest and refreshment before. Now?

She paused upon the threshold, wondering what blow had fallen on the little household to crush it thus.

Mrs. Clare, with an anxious troubled look in her kind eyes, was hushing the baby on her knee in one corner, and in another, Nettie, with a pale face and piteously swollen eyes, knelt by her husband's side, stroking back the thick dark hair with gentle touches from the down-bent head and hidden face, and striving in her soft tremulous tones to utter words of hope and comfort to what was evidently a hopeless grief.

No one noticed Cristine, pale and speechless in the doorway, paralyzed by an overmastering terror.

All were absorbed in some great agony—and yet death had stolen no jewel from the precious ring of home-love.

Husband, wife, child, mother—all were together, all were there.

But no!

Nora!

Where was she?

"Vance, dear Vance," Nettie cried, trying to raise the young man's head from the crossed arms on which it had fallen forward in an accession of sullen despair, "if Nora—if our poor darling were here, she would preach courage and patience too! Remember all she has borne."

"And to this end!" Vance broke in, with impatient pain.

"A living death for nearly two years now and then——"

He did not finish the sentence, for, with a cry so shrill, so filled with the utter anguish of despair that it rings still in the ears of some of those who heard it, Cristine broke the strong spell that held her, and echoed her brother's words.

"And then—— Oh, Vance, she is not dead? Be merciful, and say she is not dead!"

Vance Singleton raised his head at that appeal, and fixed haggard eyes of fierce reproach on his sister's face.

The terror and remorse that filled her heart were written there in characters that none could misinterpret.

Vance did not doubt for a second that they were genuine.

The sight of her called up a thousand memories of slights and wrongs and injuries to the patient girl for whom his heart was torn with an immeasurable pity and a great sickening dread.

He remembered the savage jealousy, the cruel treachery that had made shipwreck of Nora's innocent life, and he forgot, or did not care to count the late remorse.

Pain made him pitiless.

He broke into a hoarse and cruel laugh that Nettie, clinging still to his arm, echoed with a painful little cry.

"No, she is not dead yet," he answered harshly; "she can suffer still, if you have any more tortures to inflict, Cristine!"

Wider and wider grew the pale blue eyes more and more agonized their helpless imploring agony.

Nettie touched her husband's lips with tremulous white fingers, and whispered softly—

"Oh, hush! Vance, do you not see? She does not know. She is so very sorry."

"Sorry!"

Vance Singleton's lips quivered over the weak word, then set in a hard line of pain.

"Tell her Nettie; I cannot."

"Yes, tell me!" Cristine cried, in a painful gasp.

"Where is Nora? Let me see her and all may yet be well!"

Nettie turned her pretty head aside with a quick stifled sob.

"She is not here! Oh, Nora, my poor dear Nora!"

Tears choked her voice.

Cristine caught at the nearest chair-back for support.

The whole room, the pain-worn faces, swam before her in a bewildering mist, the sound of her own voice startled her.

"You are deceiving me; she is dead!"

"She is not dead," Vance broke in quite harshly.

"Little as we suspected it, the police have been upon her track for weeks past, and she was arrested last night."

He raised his heavy eyes as he spoke, but could hardly believe they were not deceiving him when he saw the sudden rapture that transfigured Cristine's pale face.

All the fear and all agony were swept away by a swift radiant smile that made her beautiful with quite a new beauty.

She clasped her hands with sudden grateful passion, and cried softly—

"Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven for this!"

Vance Singleton sprang to his feet, his brow black as midnight, his lips trembling with loathing anger and contempt.

She dared exult thus openly and shamelessly in her step-sister's shame and peril, she dared invoke Heaven's name to witness her cruel triumph!

"Go!"

He pointed to the door, not trusting himself to say another word, lest his overmastering passion should find dangerous vent.

But Nettie, whose insight was keener and quicker, read her sister-in-law's words and look differently, and broke in eagerly—

"No. Speak, Cristine; say why you are glad at this!"

Then, for the first time in their acquaintance, Cristine threw her arms spontaneously round Mrs. Vance Singleton's neck, and cried, with a glad, grateful laugh that was broken mid-way by an hysteric sob—

"Thanks, Nettie dear—you know I am glad, oh, most glad and thankful, because Nora's troubles are all past!

"I hold Lady Olivia Blake's confession of the murder in my hand!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I AM very glad, dear Arthur. It is far better than this should come now; I could not have endured that living death much longer."

Nora spoke with an energy and passion that had been very strange to her of late.

It was indeed as though some ghastly spell had been broken, as though, after long paralyzing torture, she were free to breathe and speak again.

As she sat by Arthur Beaupre's side in the dreary police-station-room in which the suspected murderess was permitted to hold counsel with her friends, pending the preliminary examination before the magistrates, her hand clasped in Arthur Beaupre's, her soft voice speaking words of hope and comfort, some of the old lovely light came back to the eloquent gray eyes, some of the rose-leaf flush to the soft girlish cheek, something even of the old frank smile to the sweet red lips.

The young man answered only by a groan and a tighter clasp of the fair little hand on which the world saw such a cruel stain.

"Why, Arthur, you should give hope and courage, if I need them!" the girl went on bravely.

"And there is comfort, the best comfort of all, in the touch of your dear hand, the knowledge that you still love and trust me: but I want your voice too.

"Speak to me, Arthur; tell me what you know I am right to hope, that the darkest hour comes just before the dawn, that our cloud must turn its silver lining soon. Come, Arthur, speak!"

But the sweet clear voice, with its brave, cheerful ring, only intensified Arthur Beaupre's pain.

He looked up indeed, and tried to meet the frank gray eyes with some of their own proud trust.

But the effort was a vain one.

A mist seemed to rise between them, the dear face shone for a moment, transfigured in the pale and cruel glory of martyrdom, then it was blotted from his sight.

He turned away, crying with an exceeding bitterness—

"Oh, my love, my darling—that I should have brought you here!"

"You!"—the great gray luminous eyes opened wonderingly.

"Yes—I! You might have lived on in peace in the shelter Vance had given you; the whole world thought you dead."

"And I was dead, and worse than dead," Nora interrupted quickly, the gray eyes darkening and glowing with the passionate sincerity of her words.

"And you have given me back my life, my beloved.

"Shall I not thank you for the great gift?"

A quick shudder ran through the young man's frame.

The words jarred horribly in his ears.

She thanked him for life—him, who in his eager and reckless desire to set her right with the world had perhaps given her death, and death in its most cruel and shameful form.

She thought maddened him.

But for this blundering effort to discover the real author of the crime, to trace the identity of the unknown corpse that had been committed to the dust in Nora's name the dormant energies of Scotland Yard might never have been aroused.

She might have lived on, unmolested and free from all suspicion.

The dawning of that day in which conquering her last scruple, he should have persuaded her to link her lot with his, to take up the severed thread of their old love, and follow him to some far-off land where her story would be unknown and unsuspected, and all the madness and misery of the past would become in time as a shadowy dream.

Now the contrast between what might have been and what was half maddened him.

He hid his face in his hands, and Nora saw the terrible tears wrung forth from a strong man's agony fall one by one between the strong fingers.

The sight wrung her heart as her own pain and peril had had no power to do.

With a quick grieved cry, she drew down the young man's hands, and forced the anguished blue eyes to meet the eager pathetic pleading of her own.

"Arthur, listen to me.

"Even if it were you who had given me up, I should be glad.

"Even if I were to die, still I should be glad to die.

"Heaven and those who love you know your innocence, that can be borne, Heaven can give strength for that.

"But to live as I have lived these two years past——"

She paused, white to the lips, and trembling a little, while some of the old horror crept slowly back into dark dilating eyes.

"Arthur, you do not know; that was to die daily an unpitied death!"

Arthur Beaupre listened and watched, with something of wonder mingling with his keenest pain.

To him this swift outburst of passion was as much a revelation as it would have been to Nettie or to Vance.

Nora had borne with such brave and cheery patience the cross laid on her that they thought she had ceased to feel its weight.

"My poor Nora!"

With a sort of reverent pity Arthur laid his hand upon the slender shoulder.

"But it could not have always lasted thus.

"You would not always have been cruel, Nora; you would have come to me at last."

"Never!" Nora said firmly. Never, Arthur! It would have broken my heart to lose you; but your mother should never have reproached me with bringing you danger and shame!"

"My mother!" the young man cried eagerly; and this time his fair frank face flushed with a loving pride, and not with pain. "Ah, Nora, you do not know my dear old mother yet! She is as frank and just as she is brave and tender-hearted. Nora she will come to you to-day."

The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears, and sparkled through them with a happy, grateful light.

"Will she?" she asked half incredulously. "Oh, Arthur, how good she is; how I shall love her by-and-by!"

The young man winced a little under the fervent words; and, though he forced an answering smile, he could not trust himself to speak. Noticing this, the girl clasped both hands upon his arm, and looked up into his face with solemn shining eyes that were clear as crystal, yet unfathomably deep, like some slumbering stream on which the moonlight rests.

"You fear the worst, dear?" she said, gently. "Well, if it comes, we can bear it, you and I. But, listen, Arthur"—as he stirred restlessly under the earnest gaze and the light loving touch—"I do not share your fears. Either I am 'fey' and blinded to all danger, or else a spirit of prophecy has come upon me, and the darkest hour is past. I cannot help it, dear," she added, with a little broken laugh, more pitiful than any cry. "I have been dead so long; it is so sweet to live!"

The pretty head, with its cruel crown of soft white hair fell forward on his shoulder. Nora's proud strength was shaken at last; she clung to her lover's arm with an unconscious energy that told its own tale of overwrought nerves and a reactionary crisis at hand. She sobbed once or twice with childish vehemence, while Arthur soothed and comforted her as he might have soothed a grieved and frightened child. The lovers had changed places now; a moment back agonized fear had all but overwhelmed him, while she was brave and strong.

"Hope still, my darling; we can hardly know a darker hour than this," he whispered fondly; and then, in a calmer tone and glancing at his watch, "I wonder Vance is not here before this! In half an hour more——" He bit his lip, keeping back the words that would have reminded her of the trial in store.

"Poor Vance!" she said softly. "The blow was terrible to him and dear Nettie. Oh, Arthur, I trust she is not ill! She looked like a dead woman when that man called me 'Lady de Gretton,' and her scream when he took me away"—she paused with a quick shudder—"Oh, it was terrible! I can hear it still."

"He followed you home, I suppose?" Arthur asked, anxious to turn her thoughts from this new fear for which Vance's absence certainly gave some ground.

"Who? The man? Yes; Jennie had been fretful and feverish, and wished to walk in the park; but we soon saw that we were followed; and I took a cab home. He must have taken another, for he was at the house as soon as we. Arthur, it was dreadful. Vance had just started for the theatre; Nettie was hushing the baby to sleep, and Jennie setting her books out on the table, and calling me to give her her German lesson, when——— Oh, Arthur, I can see it all—can feel the touch of the man's hand on my shoulder, and hear Nettie's cry!"

She paused abruptly; and Arthur showed his sympathy only in the close warm clasp that prisoned the little trembling hand.

Where was Vance Singleton? What but some fresh catastrophe could keep that warm hearted, earnest partisan so long from Nora's side? To Vance had been left the business of selecting a solicitor; and yet, while the time appointed for the magisterial examination was cruelly close at hand, not even a message from Vance had been brought.

"It is cruel!" Arthur cried at last, grinding the word between his teeth in an access of uncontrollable fury.

Suddenly while he chafed and fretted and counted every second as it passed, Nora looked up and said, with grave and infinite compassion—

"Arthur, I am sorry for Cristine."

"For Cristine!" he echoed incredulously. "Do you think your pain will hurt her, Nora?"

"I know it," Nora answered dreamily. "Just because she was cruel, because we misunderstood each other once, she will be sorry now."

"She is in no haste to come to you."

"She does not know perhaps—and perhaps she will come; if not, will you ask her to come to me, Arthur?"

"Yes—no—I cannot tell," Arthur answered hurriedly, to distracted now to pay much attention to her words.

In ten minutes more Nora would be borne away to the police-court. Already he saw the eager faces gathered together in the dingy room made hideous by a thousand associations of coarse and foul and brutal crime.

Already he saw the barristers chatting glibly together over the "clever capture" of the previous night, the reporters preparing their note-books and sharpening their pencils to sketch his fair proud Nora in verbal caricature for the delectation of the great greedy public that would feast with such morbid appetite on every detail of the sensational tragedy of which she was the guiltless and unhappy heroine.

His soul sickened within him at the hideous picture his fancy conjured up.

For the second time he found himself wishing her dead in her innocent girlhood, rather than profaned by such contact with the world as this.

"Arthur, you will not be cruel to Cristine!" Nora began pleadingly; but the man cut the appeal short with almost savage abruptness.

"I cannot think or speak of her now, Nora! The steps—do you not hear? My own darling, be brave and firm now!"

She started and clung a little more closely to him, Steps were indeed distinctly audible coming along the stone corridor; they paused at the door now.

"Is it Vance—or——"

"Not Vance, dear," he said gently; "they have come. It is time for you to appear in court."

For one second her eyes closed in a sudden faintness, and he feared she would never face the ordeal before her; but she rallied, and smiled up into his face.

"I am ready, Arthur; and you will be there."

"My brave Nora!"

He gathered her closely in his arms, feeling as though he could defy the world to wrest her from him; and in that eager passionate embrace those two forgot for one mad second the peril and the pain that composed them.

Then the door grated on its hinges, and the room seemed suddenly to fill with people, and people that they knew.

True, the officials were there, and their coming meant that the hour of Nora's agony was at hand; but with them too were Vance, Nettie, and Cristine.

Vance was the first to speak, his handsome face aglow with some deep feeling, his handsome eyes lit up with the fire of some great joy.

He caught Nora's outstretched hands within his own, and looked down with a sort of wild delight into her wondering eyes.

"Good, brave girl!" he cried exultantly. "Oh, Nora, you have borne your anguish well! Can you bear the shock of a great joy?"

She did not answer; but the gray eyes darkened with a look of pathetic entreaty; and she trembled a little, as with sudden cold.

Involuntarily Arthur Beaupre threw one arm round the slender shrinking figure, while his eager gaze wandered distractedly to Vance Singleton's face.

"For pity's sake, be quick; suspense will kill her!" he said hurriedly; and once again the dismal room echoed to Vance Singleton's joyous low-toned laugh.

"No, no: joy does not kill, and mine are joyous tidings. Nora, my poor little martyr, your innocence is proved at last! A few hours more will see you a free and happy woman."

Holding desperately still to Arthur Beaupre's arm, as though to save herself from falling beneath the tremendous shock of the last words, Nora stood for a moment or so in stupid uncomprehending silence, staring blankly before her, seeing nothing, or understanding nothing of what she saw.

There was something terrible in the rigidity of the white face.

With a little sob Nettie twined her arms around the slender neck, and kissed the cold cheek with an eager passion of pity.

"Dear Nora, try to understand that all your pain is over, that you are quite safe now."

Nora's lips moved dumbly, and her eyes wandered round restlessly, till they fell upon Cristine, who had hitherto kept in the background.

The sight seemed to startle her back to sense and understanding

Suddenly she threw out her hands with an imploring gesture.

"Cristine, come here!" she cried weakly; and when Cristine came she caught her hands and gazed with piteous entreaty in her face.

"Cristine, you do not love or pity me too much to tell me the whole truth. What does this mean?"

"It means—look at me, Nora, and believe that no one is more glad than your old enemy—it means that Lady Olivia Blake has confessed to Lord de Gretton's murder, and that you are——— Nora!"

The last word was a cry of terror, for, with a long breath, half sigh, half sob, Nora fell forward, and lay, white and senseless, in her step-sister's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE WOMEN.—Of all women in the world the ladies of China are probably kept in the closest bondage, for while they are compelled to render to their parents an obedience more absolute than is practiced in any other country, with the acquisition of husbands they find themselves committed not only to a complete acquiescence in the wills of their lords, but also to a veritable bondage to their fathers and mothers-in-law.

This last consideration, coupled with the inevitable doubt whether each will be the only star to shine in her new sphere, deprives matrimony of that charm which generally surrounds it in the eyes of maidens.

Such a reversal of the common order of things could only exist in a country where the needle points to the south and where men wear petticoats.

Imagine fifteen Walnut Street maidens throwing themselves together into the Delaware rather than accept the husbands proposed for them, as so many young girls did at Canton not long ago.

But if once the objection to marriage be overcome, such young ladies show as keen desire to fulfill every duty of the state to which they have been called as they before did to avoid undertaking any duty at all.

A daughter of the last Chinese Minister to London, Kwo Sung-taou, has recently afforded an admirable example of what a wife should be, dare, and do.

According to the Pekin Gazette, at the tender age of seventeen she consented to become the wife of the brother of Tso Tsung-tang, the conqueror of Kuldja.

Not long afterwards by a decree of the fates her husband fell ill, and when ordinary nourishing food failed to revive her prostrate lord, she with more than courage sliced a piece of flesh from her arm and mixed it with his broth. But "her pretty action did outsell her gift," and in spite of her heroism her husband died.

This event, which might well have brought to a close record of self-devotion, only opened a new field for the exercise of saintly duty. The had gone and could not come back to her; but there was no reason why she should not go to him. So she refused to swallow anything but gold leaf.

Here, however, some unseen power interposed, and the gold neither choked her nor wrought the mischief which the more costly powdered diamonds produce with the victims of Indian assassins.

Struck with wonder at this miracle, her friends besought her to throw away the poison and to remain yet a little while with them.

This, after some misgivings, she consented to do; but keeping the word of promise to their ear and breaking it to their hope, she took advantage of the first illness which overtook her to perform a happy despatch by starving herself to death.

AT A CHURCH FAIR.—At a church fair not far from Bennington, Vt., a few evenings ago, a lady made a remarkable challenge to a gentleman present. She dared him to undertake to drink as many cups of coffee as she would eat pieces of pie, each to pay the bill of the other. The whole fair assembled to witness the rounds, which were very exciting. The lady ate thirty-five pieces of pie, and the gentleman drank thirty-six cups of coffee.

Scientific and Useful.

PAPER.—Paper may be made transparent by saturating with castor oil.

BIRCH BARK OIL.—It is said that the oil of white birch bark dissolved in alcohol will render fabrics water-proof and insect-proof without injury to the material.

COD-LIVER OIL.—*The Medical and Surgical Reporter* says: To administer cod-liver oil add to the dose thirty drops of sulphuric ether, and have both cold.

COLORING FLOWERS.—A distinguished botanist has found that by simply soaking the stems of cut flowers in a week dye solution their colors can be altered at will without the perfume and the freshness being destroyed.

TEMPERING TOOLS.—Some blacksmiths will, perhaps, be glad to know that by sifting prussiate of potash on red-hot iron and cooling it immediately a temper is obtained hard enough to make a great many of the anvil tools used by smiths.

ELECTRICITY IN PRISONS.—The State Penitentiary, at Auburn, N. Y., is being fitted with an electric apparatus similar to that employed in hotels, whereby if a convict attempts to scale the wall the bell on the annunciator sounds the alarm and at the same time the machine gives the number of the station.

WITHOUT TACKS.—As seen in operation in a New Bedford shoe factory, a new process for lasting boots and shoes without tacks employs a cloth tubing in which is enclosed a piece of twine. This is stitched around the edge of the upper, which is then placed on a last and the twine pulled tight, thus drawing the upper about the inner sole.

NAPHTHA-BURNING.—A naphtha-burning locomotive made an experiment trip from Hartford to Saybrook recently. Steam was secured from a boiler full of cold water in thirty-six minutes, while ordinarily a coal burner requires at least one hour and a half. The experiment showed that such engines can be run cheaper and as fast, with much less expense, than coal burners. About seven-ninths of the heat is produced from water gas, the remaining two-ninths being due to the naphtha.

WATER PROOF BOOTS.—An English sportsman recommends cold drawn castor oil for water-proofing boots as unequalled by any other substance, basing this conclusion on experience and experiment during many years. Applied before a moderate fire, when the leather is clean and dry, to upper and to edge and bottom of sole and well rubbed in with the hand, it effectually closes every pore. He uses very liberally at first, and less so at subsequent times. It does not prevent polishing, if that is found desirable for the sake of appearance.

Farm and Garden.

SEWERAGE.—Pullman, Illinois, built on a flat prairie, has a sewerage system that centres in sunken tanks, from which through a 20-inch main the sewage is pumped to a farm three miles away. The system cost $80,000, and the farm is said to yield a profit of nearly 11 per cent. per annum on that amount.

A PREVENTION.—The *Home and Farm* gives this method of preventing cows from sucking themselves: Procure a pine plank two inches thick and make of it a circular piece twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. Through the centre of this leave room to move her jaws. When she tries to suck herself the muzzle will prevent her reaching the teats.

MILKING.—Milking in the barnyard, says an exchange, is an old fashion that should be abandoned. It is inconvenient and unclean. It should go with the wooden pail and hairy butter and should never be heard of any more; gone and forgotten too. It is a wonder that any farmer would permit it, and still more a wonder that any farmer's wives or daughters would consent to it.

MUSTY MEAL.—Experiments have proved that musty meal is not wholesome food for any of the domestic animals. Disease and death have been directly traced to its use. When fed to poultry, chicken cholera or some disease resembling it was the result. Cows to which it was fed gave bitter milk, and ceased to thrive as well as those in the same pasture which had no grain. Swine fed upon it failed to grow or fatten. Only horses were not injured by it, and they escaped because they would not eat it.

IMPROVING THE BREED.—Do not be satisfied until you have got rid of every mongrel animal on the farm, from the chickens up, replacing them as opportunity offers with those which are purely bred, or by breeding up with such breeds as you consider most desirable for your purpose and location, for location, after all, has much to do with breeds. The more valuable your stock the more profit, pleasure and interest you will have in your business.

PROPER FOOD.—When cattle chew leather, wood and old bones, remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A tenspoonful of bone meal given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are in grass, the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefitted by a top dressing of bone-dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast and in quality of milk and butter.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 9, 1884.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Great Reduction in Price!

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

$2.00 a Year for Single Copy;

—or,—

$1.00 a Year in Clubs of 10.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS FOR THE COMING YEAR!

We are pleased to announce to our patrons that we have concluded to reduce our Club Rates to such a figure for the coming year as to place THE POST within the reach of all. We are determined to get a very large list of new subscribers, and in order to do so we will receive subscriptions at

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

IN CLUBS OF TEN.

And, as an inducement to send a club, we will give a gratis copy for every club of 10 at $1.00 each. Remember, we will not send a single copy for less than $2.00; and in order to get the reduced rate, one must send at least ten subscriptions. We cannot send a less number for less than $8.00 each.

Think of it! 10 Copies of THE POST one year, with one extra for sending the Club, making 11 copies, for $10.00!

Those who send Clubs, can afterwards add names at $1.00 each.

We hope and trust that each of our present subscribers will send a club at the new rates. A little effort cannot fail to secure one, and they will thereby be doing to themselves and friends a favor, and assist in raising the circulation of so good a paper as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

We trust that those of our subscribers who desig making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers by the reduced rate are so low that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of 10 gets a free copy of the paper an entire year.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lock Box, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 725 Sansom Street.

WORK AND PAY.

It is a rule of life which all experience proves true, that no matter what one's lot may be, rich or poor, high or low, if his has been a working life, much of his reward must be deferred. And even in these exceptional instances, when so-called Fortune proves from the first propitious, and where favorable opportunities may be said to have gained half the battle, there has doubtless been throughout much postponement of content and ease to future years. There may have been, perhaps, much to endure in an early and uncongenial lot, before the golden opportunity presented itself, and ere the future career was made plain; for although 'the labor we delight in, physics pain,' the burden of a thoroughly distasteful occupation, to an ambitious mind, is an uneasy and galling yoke, hard to bear.

Then there is the dark side of the picture—the payment, hardly earned, which, if it comes at all, comes not in expected measure, or too late, to be a solace only at the ending of life, or to hang its laurels upon the tomb. The deferred payments of posthumous fame, the too long delayed tribute to merit and genius, form some of the saddest pages in history.

But, in addition to the truism, that opportunities neglected seldom or never return, we can add this one, drawn from our subject—that if there be no timely provision, there will certainly be no store for after-drawing upon. If there be no self-denying labor, there will be no future recompense.

"Does he work?" inquired Ruskin, when told of the great abilities of a contemporary. And we may be sure the question was asked with a view to estimate the success the individual would probably achieve. If there is no work, there is certainly no reward.

> For if our virtues go not forth of us,
> 'Twere all alike as though we had them not.

It is quite possible, even in this busy world, for a man so to shirk and shun work within his range, or to content himself with the measure of it which may suffice for daily necessities, as, practically, to make no provision for coming days. He will be entitled to no deferred pay. His later years may indeed be secured from want; perhaps, through no efforts of his own, he may even have an abundance; but the rapture of achievement, the satisfaction arising from a task well done, will not be his to possess.

All perseverance of patient effort for the highest ends, all the taking of infinite pains—which we are told is the best definition of genius—is but the deferred payment system adopted in daily life, being the storing up of present available resources, including those of patience and endurance, for the securing of future benefit.

And when the end is once accomplished, the efforts expended will not be grudged or mourned over—will scarcely be remembered.

SANCTUM CHAT.

According to a Chicago paper, divorce still keeps ahead of matrimony in that city. The other day there were fifty-one decrees issued, and forty-three marriage-licenses. At this rate it will only be 40 years till Chicago has no married people at all.

—

England spends six times as much money for wars, actual and possible, as she does for education. France spends fifteen times as much, and Russia eighty times as much. Even in the United States, where the army is upon a footing of the least possible proportions, and the navy is scarcely worthy the name, much more is spent on them than on the public schools.

—

The fact that New Yorkers are mimicking English manners, dress, equipment and accent with a slavish facility, is partly explained, we hope, by the fact that they see more of Englishmen than ever before, and generally Englishmen of the more refined classes. So the imitation is, no doubt, partly unconscious. Still, it is a trifle humiliating, in this centennial winter, to see at the celebration of the evacuation of New York, the English half of our "swell" young men parting their hair in the middle, the young ladies speaking of their "frocks," and denouncing 'the nawsty weather," and the fathers and dowagers adopting the English accent, and avoiding all Americanisms as if they were a pestilence.

—

An eccentric individual recently made an offer to the Manchester Royal Infirmary of a gift of $1,000, conditionally that an experiment should be made in the treatment of the medical and surgical cases without alcohol for twelve months. The offer was not accepted, and the refusal was based on the grounds that alcohol as medicine was sometimes necessary to save the patient's life; therefore, to exclude it altogether, would render it probable that the patient's health would materially suffer—if, indeed, death did not ensue.

—

During the trial of a recent divorce suit in Ogden, Utah, the husband, who wished the separation because his wife was a "scold," explained to the court a rather ingenious means he had devised to silence her when she was quarrelsome, and by which he had been enabled to live with her for ten years. He knew that she had a perfect horror of rats, and soon after their marriage he kept a supply of them on hand. When her temper got the better of her he would let one out of its cage into the room, and it always silenced her.

—

The International Bureau of Weights and Measures at Paris, whose object is to verify the metric standards of the world according to one universal standard, is able to perform work of a really wonderful accuracy in its comparing rooms. With the means there provided it is possible to ascertain a difference between two kilogram weights not greater than a three-hundred-millionth part of one of the weights; and in the comparison of two meters a difference so small as thirty-nine ten-millionths of an inch (or one ten-thousandth of a millimeter) can be determined.

—

Many persons who are not by habit "dreamers," are dreaming a great deal just now, and wondering why they do so. The answer is very simple. When cold weather sets in suddenly, and is much felt at night, the head, which is uncovered, has the blood supplied to it driven from the surface to the deep parts, notably the brain—the organ of the mind. The results are light sleep and dreams. The obvious remedy is to wear a night-cap or to wrap the head warmly, at least while the cold weather lasts. "We of this generation suffer more from brain troubles than our predecessors, because we leave the head exposed at night, and the blood vessels of our cerebral organs are seldom unloaded.

—

An almost unexampled occurrence has taken place near Venice—a triple suicide. Two lovers in France and a husband and wife in other countries have often destroyed themselves, and there are cases in which parents, from excess of misery, have put an end to both themselves and their offspring; but that three persons should make up their minds to leave the world together at the same time is without precedent. The victims were three sisters of good family, one suffering from approaching blindness, and another from epilepsy, but the third "a young lady of extreme grace and beauty," who had announced her intention of not surviving her sisters. Their last act was to place a wreath of flowers upon their mother's tomb. This is "a riddle of the painful earth," indeed.

—

The nightmare of Mexican existence is annexation to the United States. A recent traveler through that country found that every plan brought forward for mutual benefit between the two republics is tortured by the jealous younger sister into a leaning in that direction. Though the proposed commercial treaty will bring them before unheard-of luxuries and comforts, the proportion of those who are opposed to it is about 999 to 1000. The idea that a treaty means the swallowing up this republic by its greedy elder sister is industriously fermented by certain interested capitalists and tradesmen, who now have things all their own way. The Shylocks aforesaid well know that with the new regime and the advent of the American drummer they go to the wall.

—

Zion's Herald has its own idea of the things which keep people from church, and it mentions one of them: Few things tend more surely to keep people from church than superficial, pointless preaching. Some of the preachers fancy that, with a few disjointed ideas they can interest the people, provided only that in preaching they can contrive to work up a current of religious feeling. Perhaps they can get the emotion, perhaps not. But, when they do, the stream is as shallow as the thought that gave it birth; and its affect perishes with the breath with which the preacher gives the benediction. Any man who is given to careless preparation for the pulpit may profit by the pointed remark of a very successful bishop: "The sermon which has cost little, is worth just what it cost."

—

"There are about 50,000 postoffices in the United States. Two thousand two hundred of them are so considerable as to be filled by the appointment of the President; the others are filled by the appointment of the Postmaster-General. The salaries of the 50,000 postmasters vary greatly. Postmaster Pearson, of New York City, who is son-in-law of ex-Postmaster-General James, gets $8,000 a year. No other postmaster gets as high a salary. All the "non Presidential" postmasters are paid upon the basis of the business done at their offices. This is determined, not by counting the stamps, nor by counting the number of pieces handled, but by counting the number of stamps canceled. Forty-seven postmasters receive $1 a year as salary; eleven receive twenty-five cents a year; one receives nine cents; one six cents, and one five cents a year.

—

An experimental work has been going on for a short time along the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad branch, and the Brandon branch, about thirty miles in length, the object being to determine whether or not the barbed wire of the fence on either side of the road can be used for telegraphic purposes. The fence-wire was placed in proper condition for a sufficient distance to make a satisfactory test, the wire being run under the surface at road-crossings. Superintendent of telegraph Simpson decides that the plan is not practicable. Telegraph work can be done over the fence-wire in summer, he says, but during the winter months, when huge snowbanks completely cover the fence, the line would be made useless. There are thousands of miles of wire fence along the Western lines, and it has been contended that they could be utilized for this purpose.

—

In England very little benefit is extracted from the present long list of vegetable substances. Bread and potatoes, cabbage, and, in agricultural districts, beans, with a little bacon and cheese, and milk for the children, almost make the list of food attainable by the working village population. What is called butchers' meat rarely makes its appearance in the cottage of an agricultural laborer, but it is quite certain that if the humble and wholesome materials at his disposal were more skilfully treated he would be greatly the better. In manufacturing towns vast quantities of food are destroyed rather than consumed, owing to the ignorance of the women of even the elementary principles of cooking. A hastily-made fire and a frying pan, a lump of butter of indefinite size, some bacon, and a few eggs of doubtful freshness compose the culinary preparations of a family earning from $10 to $15 a week.

—

In a burst of generosity, a writer in St. Louis thus handles a delicate subject: "Is there any actual foundation in fact for the prevailing impression that Chicago girls have big feet? The impression is certainly universal and prevailing, outside of Chicago at least. I was particularly struck with the strength and extent of this popular belief by the peculiar actions of the guests at an evening entertainment not long since. There was a very charming young lady from Chicago among the number. She was introduced to nearly every one in the house, and with scarcely a single exception, after the introduction, and as soon as her place of residence became known, everyone's eyes instinctively and unconsciously took a rapid survey of her feet. It so happened that the young lady could stand the examination with credit, but I looked upon it as an overwhelming and triumphant proof of the prevailingness of the impression regarding the bigness of Chicago feet."

TRIFLES.

BY M. E. S.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave,
And lives were true:
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are
By love or strife?

Yea, yea! a look the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul!

The Sisters.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"IT'S very provoking that we should be detained so," said Mabel Arran, pettishly. "I should have enjoyed the scenery so much if we could have traveled by daylight, and it's nearly dark already."

"Never mind dear," said her sister Effie, soothingly; "we shall soon be there, you know."

"I don't know what you call soon," fretted Mabel. "We shall not get there until seven o'clock in the morning, and just fancy how fagged-out and jaded we shall both look, after traveling all night, with our eyes as dim as if they had been boiled, and complexion like an old rag. And Mr. St. Albans is to be there, too?"

She bit her lip in very genuine annoyance, as she stood looking out at the white drifts of snow which lay like a mantle of royal ermine on field and valley.

Mabel and Effie Arran, although twin sisters, were not at all alike.

The former, tall and handsome, had features like a Cleopatra, and soft, languid eyes of the deepest blue, while her magnificent flaxen hair surrounded her oval face like a framework of gold.

Apart from her beautiful sister, gentle little Effie Arran might have had some pretention to be called pretty—but Mabel eclipsed her completely.

"Are you sure you will be warm enough, Mabel, dear?" she asked, anxiously. "Do take my shawl; I shall be quite comfortable with the worsted sacque."

"No, I shall not take it," was the haughty reply. "Do you suppose I am going to made a perfect mummy of myself? I look ridiculous enough already in this odious merino dress. Oh, dear, dear, I wish I were rich! Just wait until I have married Mr. St. Albans!"

Effie's cheek crimsoned, as she tied a green barege veil round her bonnet.

"Mabel," she said softly, "do you really care for Mr. St. Albans?"

"Not for him specially, although he is handsome and agreeable enough for any girl—but I do care for his four hundred thousand—and his country seat and his house in town. You shall live with me Effie, and take care of that horrid little girl he talks about; how I do wish he hadn't been a widower, with the incumbrance of a child!"

"I heard you telling him last week how fond you were of children."

"Oh!" laughed Mabel, shrugging her shoulders, "that was policy. I flatter myself, Effie, that I really did make some impression upon him, else he would never have accepted that invitation from Green Court, because we were to spend Christmas there."

"It was very kind of Alice Green to ask us," said Effie, soberly.

"Oh, yes, I dare say," nodded Mabel, "and I shall invite her to St. Albans when I am mistress there. Nobody shall say I am at all ungrateful. Here comes the stage now, horrid, odious, lumbering old thing, and crowded full, as I live. How disagreeable!"

And Mabel Arran went out, one shawl thrown lightly over her arm, while poor Effie followed meekly in the background, laden heavily with traveling bags, umbrellas and wraps.

It was already quite dusk, as the horses stopped at the inn door, and there was a brief delay before they again started on, during which time time Mabel squeezed herself in between a fat old lady and a tall schoolboy, with a box of white mice in his lap, while Effie sat directly opposite, trying her innocent little best not to crowd the two vinegar-faced maiden ladies, who sat with smelling bottles to their noses, and the woman who carried a three-year-old child in her lap.

The back seat was filled with masculine travellers, but Mabel never vouchsafed them so much as a glance.

The class of gentlemen in whom she was most interested, generally travelled in their own equipages, not in what Miss Arran called "horrid, odious, lumbering stages!"

As the equipage moved on, the little child began to cry.

"Provoking!" exclaimed Mabel, aloud; "are we to have a crying child to enliven the way? I do think people have no business to travel with babies."

"Mabel, Mabel!" whisperingly remonstrated her sister.

"Well, I can't help it!" fretted the beauty, peevishly. "I hate children."

The woman in whose arms the little one sat, looked distressed and troubled, although the dim lamp that hung from the side of the stage scarcely revealed her countenance, and tried the various devices, that are current among mothers and nurses, to soothe her fretful charge, but all in vain—the child still wailed on, to the great disturbance of the closely packed passengers.

"Really," spoke up Mabel Arran, sharply, "this is intolerable! It's nothing on earth but temper; why don't you give her a good shaking?"

"Indeed, ma'am, it's not temper," said the woman, somewhat indignantly. "She's not used to travelling, and she's tired out."

"Let me take her," said Effie's soft voice, as she stretched out her arms. "I know I can quiet her; children are always good with me."

"You are a fool!" said her sister contemptuously.

But Effie, without heeding Mabel's comment, took the little creature tenderly into her arms, murmuring soft words to it.

The child hung round her neck with the instinct which God has given to little ones, recognizing at once a friend in the pretty young girl.

"It's plain to see, miss, that you're fond of children," said the woman, gratefully, as the wailing sounds ceased. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, for my arms ache sadly."

"She's going to sleep now," said Effie, with her cheek close against that of the child. "I will hold her until she wakes up again, poor little thing!"

"I'm afraid we're troubling you too much, ma'am," said the woman apologetically.

"It's no trouble," said Effie, sincerely. "It's a pleasure. You guessed rightly. I am very fond of helpless little children."

Mabel laughed scornfully.

"I am not," she said. "I always had a very earnest sympathy with good King Herod. But I'm very glad the young one has stopped screaming, for now I can perhaps get a wink of sleep myself."

The child awoke again, presently, crying out—

"Papa, papa!"

But Effie's whispered nursery rhymes and fairy stories acted like a charm on its perturbed spirits.

"Me love oo," said the little thing, winding its arm round Effie's neck. "What oo name?"

"Effie," was the smiling answer.

"Effie go home wiz baby?"

"I should like to, darling," said Effie, pressing her lips to the velvety little forehead, "but——"

At this moment the stage stopped at a junction road, where several of the passengers alighted—among them the woman and child.

The little thing clung tightly round Effie's neck, and it was not without some difficulty that she could be coaxed away.

"The little darling," said Effie, half aloud, as she strained her eyes through the darkness of the winter night, to see the last of her tiny fellow pilgrim. "I should like to keep her always in my arms."

"The more goose you," said Mabel, impatiently. "I'm so glad those people have all got out; we shall have room enough to breathe in now."

The clear, radiant brightness of the December morning was glittering over the snow-pearled landscape, as the stage rolled up to the door of Green Court, a substantial old brick mansion, where a merry party of visitors were assembled to make the holiday pass as blithely as might be.

Alice Green, a pretty young blonde, ran out to welcome them.

"I thought you were never coming," she cried, smothering them with hospitable kisses. "The fire is blazing royally in your bedroom. You'll just have time to get off your things and get rested by lunch time.

"I'm so sorry we have breakfasted, but you shall have coffee and omelettes in your rooms."

Mabel was not sorry at all, for she rather preferred to rest and recruit a little, before meeting the other guests.

"Is Mr. St. Albans here?" she asked, as Alice helped to remove her wrappings in the cheerful apartment which was to be that of the sisters.

"Oh, yes; but he only arrived this morning. He, as well as yourselves, was detained on the journey."

Mabel and Effie both looked very pretty when they came down to luncheon, some four or five hours afterwards—the former in a pale blue cashmere, with blue ribbons at her throat, which gave her hair and skin even more than their natural brightness, and Effie in a quiet little black silk, with the old-fashioned garnet ornaments which had belonged to their dead mother.

The room was quite full when they entered it, but foremost in the group around the fire-place Mabel's triumphant eyes recognized Mr. St. Albans, tall, stately, and *preux chevalier*-looking as ever.

But before she could speak, a little child, with outstretched arms, recognized Effie's voice as she answered some remark of Miss Green's in the doorway.

"Effie!" it cried, "Effie!"

And to her surprise, Effie found herself confronted with her little acquaintance of the night before.

"My little Minnie has an excellent memory for her friends," said Mr. St Albans, approaching with a smile. "May I venture to thank you, Miss Arran, for the kindness you showed her last night?"

Effie blushed scarlet with embarrassment.

"Was she your child Mr. St. Albans?"

He nodded smilingly.

"Our carriage broke down at Grove's Glen, and we were obliged to take the night stage on to T——, where I had telegraphed for another equipage to meet us. I had no idea that I was to be favored with your company, until your sister"—with a cold blow to Mabel—"objected so decidedly to my poor little Minnie's lamentations. Forgive me if, after that, I kept silence as to my identity."

Mabel bit her lips, but she was too self-possessed to betray her discomfiture.

"I was very tired," she said, "and I dare say I was very cross. Of course if I had known whom she was——"

And with a smile she took Hubert Green's arm for the lunch table.

A smile—when she could almost have wept, to think how utterly she had defeated her own purpose.

Little Minnie St. Albans clung tightly to Effie Arran during the rest of the day—and of course it was not so very unnatural that Mr. St. Albans should stay where his little daughter preferred to be, and Mabel had to amuse herself as best she could with the school-boy attentions of Mr. Hubert Green.

When they left Green Court, Effie had consented to "stay with Minnie always" in the capacity of her stepmother.

For Mr. St. Albans' passing fancy for Mabel's beautiful face had long ago been submerged in his genuine admiration of Effie's far more lovely character.

"I shall always be thankful for that night's ride in the stage," he said, earnestly.

But Mabel Arran was not so thankful for it.

Ethel's Revenge.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"BUT you don't really mean it, Mr. Bickington!"

"Don't I, though? But I do, Ethel! I think you're the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

"If you admired me so much," said Ethel Ryde, with a little coquettish toss of her head, "you'd be for setting the wedding-day."

"So I will, my dear, one of these fine days. But just at present I can't afford it."

Ethel Ryde opened her bright blue eyes with an incredulous glitter beneath their long lashes.

"Not afford it, Mr. Bickington? why, you're the best customer in the shop, Mr. Gregson says, and just look at the diamond studs you wear, and that elegant hunting watch! Dear, dear, I'm sure you could afford anything you please."

"That's all pretty girls know about the world," said Mr. Basil Bickington, chucking Ethel under her dimpled chin. "When I'm rich enough, we'll be married. Until then you must be patient and not tease, that's a dear little girl."

So Mr. Bickington went his way, leaving Ethel Ryde sitting under the trees in the park, firmly convinced that she was the luckiest girl, and her tall sweetheart the handsomest and noblest hero in the world.

Of course the consequences of this glimpse of Paradise were that Ethel was half an hour late at the shop.

For Ethel Ryde made button-holes in the establishment of Bouncer and Bumble.

"Machine work may do for the East end," said Mr. Bouncer, the senior member of the firm, "but it don't suit our customers! And there aint a hand in the shop can come near Miss Ryde for button-hole making. It does one good to look at her work—straight and even as a row of black pearls. No bungling ever comes from her fingers!"

But even Mr. Bouncer looked grave at Ethel, upon this particular September morning, as she hurried into the side door, flushed with her quick walk.

"Half an hour behind, Miss Ryde," said Mr. Bouncer, solemnly; "and it's the second time it's happened this week, that is more."

Ethel bowed her head.

It hardly seemed in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the promised bride of Basil Bickington should be lectured and snubbed by Gabriel Bouncer.

"I can easily make it up in the course of the day, Mr. Bouncer," said she.

"Perhaps you can, and perhaps you can't," said Mr. Bouncer; "but it aint a good example to set to our other hands. And just now, too, of all times in the world, with these extra orders come in, a redingote for old Mrs. Popplehy, two riding-habits for Miss Stickwell, and Mr. Carlton's outfit for self and three sons! You'll have to look alive, Miss Ryde!"

Ethel Ryde's needle flew like a line of steely lightning, as she sat in her corner, quite oblivious to the chat and merry-making that went on around her.

But towards evening she was woke up rather suddenly from her reverie by the noisy entrance of Abel Hand, the foreman, a would-be admirer of her own.

"A white satin waistcoat, Miss Ryde. Buttons and button-holes extra fine," uttered he, with a grin, as he threw a parcel on the table.

"A wedding order, I suppose?" said Ethel.

"I should rather think so," chuckled Abel. "Mr. Bickington."

"Nonsense!" cried Ethel, with a sudden start and a crimsoned face.

"It is, though," asserted Abel Hand. "My brother John is in Tiptop and Co's where they're a-doin' the cards, 'Basil Bickington' and 'Charita Meeker.'"

"Why, that's the rich heiress of G—— Square ain't it?" said Kitty Price, the red-headed girl who basted on straight seams. "A horrid, dowdy looking creature, that dresses like the Queen of Sheba gone mad. Well, if that handsome Mr. Bickington goes and marries her just to get her money, I've no patience left with the men!"

But Ethel Ryde took no more part in the discussion.

The news had fallen like a thunderbolt on her.

At first she simply disbelieved it—but at last she felt that she could not refuse credence to tidings that were so well authenticated.

In spite of all his vows and protestations Mr. Bickington was going to be married—and not to her!

Well, was it not the way of the world?

What was the heart of a poor working-girl for, if not to afford a passing gleam of amusement to a grand gentleman like Basil Bickington?

And Ethel smiled bitterly at the caustic fancy.

"When is it to be?" she asked, rousing herself suddenly with a start.

Kitty Price and the other hands looked around with a stare—they had long ago drifted into some other current of conversation.

"The wedding, I mean," Ethel's impatiently added. "The great heiress to Mr. Bickington."

"Oh! That wedding," said Kitty Price. "Didn't you hear Mr. Hand say it 'Tuesday week?"

"I wasn't attending to his chatter," said Ethel, with a shallow, mirthless laugh. "Tuesday week, eh? I suppose it will be something very grand! Heigho!"

And while this surface talk fluttered on her lips, she registered, within her secret soul, a vow of revenge.

"I'll be even with him, one way or the other," said Ethel, to herself. "I'll show him that even the cornered rat can turn. He may think all this love-making an excellent joke, but I'll let him see a better joke still."

And she moistened her dry lips with her tongue, and smiled a smile that was not exactly pleasant to look at.

* * * * * * *

"Now then," said Tim, the errand-boy, bouncing suddenly into the parcel-room, "where's that box for Mr. Bickington? He's to be married to-morrow, and it won't do to postpone affairs any longer!"

"Where is it?" said Abel Hand. "Oh! go to Miss Ryde; she had the box—said something about the vest buckles."

"Here it is," said Ethel, emerging from the inner apartment.

"All papered and twined, eh?" said Tim.

"Well, that saves me trouble anyhow."

"Now, mind, younger," said Abel with a threatening gesture, "none of your truant games; this is a weddin' suit, and it's got to be took straight home."

"All right," said Master Hunkerby, with a grimace behind the foreman's back. "Don't you fret."

Away he went with a hop, skip, and a jump.

The wedding morning dawned—bright as a poet's dream, in all the soft glow of beautiful September.

Mr. Bickington lay in bed rather late.

"A fellow needs all the rest he can get to bolster him up for such an occasion as this," said he with a yawn, as he sat up at last. "Is that nine o'clock striking? Then I've no time to lose, for Charita's exacting and ill-tempered, and it'll be exactly like her to cry off at the last minute, if I'm not up to the mark. Why couldn't she have been a little more like blue-eyed Ethel? Or why couldn't blue-eyed Ethel have been blessed with a pocket full of money?"

With these reflections passing vaguely through his mind, he made all due haste with his toilet, until he came to the final touches.

"I hope to goodness old Bouncer made a good fit of these clothes," quoth he to himself, as he cut the twine and opened the box; "he's pretty generally to be depended upon, but——Hallo! Where are they?"

For the box contained nothing but neatly-folded wrapping paper!

"Con—found their thick-headed stupidity they've made a mistake!" roared Mr. Bickington, kicking the box completely across the floor, and jerking the bell-wire down in his rage and flurry. "Joe! Mrs. Hopper! Somebody! Are you all dead down there? Run, someone, like the mischief, to Bouncer and Bumble's, and ask what they mean by sending me an empty box for a wedding-suit? Run, I say! Good Heaven! and it's gone the half-hour past nine already."

Mrs. Hopper the housekeeper, was finally made to comprehend—and Joe the footman was at last dispatched to Bouncer and Bumble's, while Mr. Bickington strode up and down his room like a caged wild beast, counting the seconds, and believing every one to be at least three.

* * * * * * *

"Not here!" said Miss Charita Meeker, with a toss of her orange-garlanded head. "Not here at a quarter past eleven! Tottens," to her maid, "take off these things. Give me my green silk dress again, I won't be married at all!"

"Not married, miss? With the carriages at the door, and the church open, and the guests a-comin', miss?" pleaded the scandalized Tottens.

"Send away the carriages: tell 'em to shut up the church again, and let the guests go home," said Miss Charita Meeker, who in addition to her own possessions, had a will of her own. "I won't be made a fool of by any man. I tell you I won't be married!"

And she wasn't.

When, in a quarter of an hour the groom arrived, panting and breathless, unable to get his white kid gloves on his perspiring palms, he found Miss Meeker calmly working worsted roses in the bay window, and learning from her own lips she had "changed her mind."

"We wouldn't get on at all together, if this is a sample of your style," said Miss Meeker, deliberately, comparing two shades

of worsted. "I hate unpunctuality. You needn't trouble yourself to wait. There'll be no wedding to-day—nor ever, so far as I am concerned."

So Mr. Bickington lost his golden bride just under the shadow of the church-door, so to speak.

Miss Meeker's decision was irrevocable.

It was a mistake—an unaccountable mistake. Bouncer and Bumble said they were very sorry, but they couldn't help it.

And perhaps their regret might have been deeper and more heartfelt, if Mr. Bickington hadn't owed them a three years' bill.

"It isn't likely we shall ever see the color of our money now," said the senior partner, sadly. "Well, well, we must just put it down to profit and loss."

Ethel Ryde never saw Mr. Basil Bickington again, but she knew she was amply avenged, and that was all she wanted.

A Country Cousin.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

II.—[CONTINUED.]

"SHE was a servant of ours," went on regardless Elsie, piling up the agony. "She married a Glasgow mason last winter.

"I am going to stay a night with her; that is a promise.

"But I wish the place she lived in had a nicer name."

Max laughed.

"There's always a something left to wish about," he said; "be glad when it is only a name."

Having exhausted his excuses for staying beside her, he had at last to say good-bye.

And then, oh then, a very bad quarter of an hour indeed fell to the lot of Elsie Oliver!

Mrs. Finnieston restrained her tumultuous emotion for one short moment more, and turning upon the girl, who was sitting so sparkling and dainty, forsooth! in all her borrowed plumes, inquired if she had mentioned to the gentleman just departed that her father had at one time been a minion in that gentleman's family.

"A minion!" echoed Elsie.

"Yes, a minion," repeated Mrs. Finnieston; "a tutor is a servant as much as a butler, and he is much less respected.

"Did you tell this to Mr. Ochiltree, I ask you?"

"There was no need to tell him; as soon as he heard my name he knew."

"Just so.

"I thought as much. Hadn't you better go down to our servant's hall now and pro—claim your origin?"

"You will feel much more in your element there than here, at any rate, I should imagine."

"I am very sorry if I have annoyed you; I never thought that I ought not to ——"

She got no farther.

Her aunt, giving full rein to her anger now put a stop to her.

All that was to be said on this occasion would be said by Mrs. Finnieston; and she said it so effectually that a few hours later Elsie stood on the Dunraploch pier, waiting for the first passing steamer.

She had come unattended and on foot (her box would be sent on next week, they had been good enough to say,) and on her face were traces of recent tears.

These signs were noted by the pier-master, who accordingly kept his eye upon her to see what would follow.

The pier-master had a way of keeping his eye on Dunraploch in general; indeed, he was pervaded by an idea that unless he did so keep it, things would soon go to wreck and ruin altogether.

By bad luck, it was Marymass Saturday, a Glasgow trades holiday, and nearly all the working population of that fair city had gone down the Clyde, in pairs or in families, at an early hour, at the easy rate of (so the bright colored posters about the quay informed Elsie) "To Rothesay and back for one shilling."

Dunraploch, as a popular intermediate port, had received its full share of patronage.

Noisy excursionists thronged the pier, and when the waited-for boat tardily drew near, such a rush and struggle ensued that Elsie, in dismay, asked an onlooker if all the boats to follow would be like this.

Like this?—they would be far worse than this, as the afternoon passed, she was told.

And if she wanted to get off by this steamer, her informant added, she would have to make a push for it—in fact, to fight her way in—since the boat being already so packed, that only a portion of the intending passengers could be accommodated, the residue would be left to take their chance later on, and under even less auspicious circumstances.

Whereupon, the watchful pier-master, stepping forward, said—

"Pardon me, young leddy, but I would bide at The Arsenal the nicht yet, if I was you.

"The rippits thir Gleseaw folk kicks up when the drap is in their head is gey fearsome."

"I have no choice," said Elsie, "I must go."

"Aweel, aweel, young leddy, you're no' easy frichtit; but I dinna like the responsibeelity of seein' ye gang—a genty bit thing like you, amang a' thir coorse customers; I do not like it, miss, I'll assure ye."

But Elsie could not help that, and as she preferred being crushed now to being crushed later on, she left the pier-master lamenting, and joined herself to the crowd that was engaged in pushing itself across the gangway in a mass.

The position was anything but dignified, yet she thought less of that than of the acute discomfort of having a sharp elbow poignarding her on one side, the handle of a great umbrella threatening to hook itself round her ear on the other, and a wife whose husband had already got across (gallant man!) intent upon walking right over her from behind.

It was horrible while it lasted, but once on board, Elsie soon recovered breath and presence of mind.

Having shaken herself out, she looked round for some corner where she would be in nobody's way.

The quietest place she could discover, where no place was quiet, was in front of one of the paddle-boxes, overlooking the cabin portion of the deck.

An obliging fellow-passenger having seen her need and handed her a camp-stool, she established herself close to the railing of the lowermost deck, and tried to think that the worst was over.

Too sanguine Elsie!—she soon knew better.

The boat had scarcely moved from the pier, amid the clamor and clangor of all who had been left behind for a worse into, when a much dishevelled woman swayed past her toward the railing, grumbling in an aggrieved monotone that, "Oh, but she was done, done, done!"

Immediately followed an ancient dame in a faded Paisley shawl and a white "mutch," and she deeply sympathized with the first comer, and suggested "a wee thocht o' whusky" as the surest restorative.

"Whusky?" repeated the sufferer, innocently, "wimma kin' o' thing's that?"

"Wumman, it's guid!

"The verra last time I had a saxpence I dinna ken what to dae wi', I coft half a gill, and an egg, and a farl o' shortbread; an' lass! I binna been a meal that's keepet ma bert sae lang this mony a day."

The younger woman thought that if this were so, whisky might suit her case likewise; she therefore followed her adviser downstairs, and Elsie saw her no more.

But, as though it had been a harlequinade, a tipsy youth instantly lurched into the vacant space, and propped himself against the rail, gazed out on the water, as if wondering what it was made of.

As he cogitated with down-drooping head, his hat dropped off.

A number of imps, who were swarming over the paddle-box, shrieked with glee, and lustily called upon their respective mammas, to come and behold the delightful catastrophe.

The youth looked up inquiringly for one second, then folded himself over the side more, smiling blandly down upon the waves, perhaps expecting that they would toss him back his hat when they had done admiring it.

Fearing, from the insecurity of his tenure, that he might next fall badly into her lap, Elsie took up her stool and went round to the other side of the paddle-box, where she found room for herself in a position similar to her last, except that now she commanded a much better view of the deck.

Not that that was any improvement, as it turned out; for what a scene it was down there!

Men, women, children, babies, were mixed up in one boisterous hubbub.

Mothers here and there were so tipsy that the infants they had in their arms were in a dangerous way.

Boys of eleven or twelve were smoking with holiday abandon.

Half inebriated lads were treading many measures with their sweethearts, to the music of a blind fiddler.

It was partly ludicrous, but more painful.

After a brief survey, Elsie sought refuge in a book which Juanita had given her to read on the way—for Juanita had at the last been visited by sundry relentings of heart.

It was a work of the most superfine description, and she turned over the pages, gleaning here a little and there a little, but never becoming even partially interested.

Close to her sat a loquacious housemother, holding loud discourse to a meek and quiet man, who never got room to say one word, poor soul!

And this flood of eloquence mixed itself up rather oddly with the novel.

Thus:—

"Lady Verona Vincent was sole descendent of the noble house of Castramount.

"She had been betrothed at a tender age to Lord Mortmaine, the last of a line of barons, the first of whom learnt the art of war under the banner of Norman William ere English Harold met his doom at Senlac."

"Ay; her father's gaun to set her up wi' a mangle; for it's braw time something was done for her—a lass o' six-an'-twenty, wi' nae prospec's.

"But I'll lay a plack she's never been nane heedin' aboot the lads. That's whaur it's.

"I ken by mysel', hoo I wad hae gane twa'ree mile roon, the youngest time ever I was, for nae ither but to keep oot the gate o' them."

"Fair gleamed the empress of night over the countless turrets of that magnificent pile, as Viscount Carabine approached on his favorite black roan.

"The sounds of festivity floated over the marble terrace into the dewy moonlight.

"Within, fairy forms were circling in the intoxicating waltz.

"The first flower of English nobility and the pick of English beauty were here to-night, gathered together to do honor to the lordliest scion of a lordly race."

"Oor guid mither's wool kent for a fashlous thrawn body.

"Weel, yestreen she comes in frae the kintra, an' ben she maircches, hauding up a muckle basket wi' a notvotu' o' shirpet grosets rattlin' in the boddom o't, an'—'When a come, I come!' quo' she. So I oot wi' my jeelly pan an' stewed the pickle grosets for the dennor.

"I ne'er preet them, an' yet there was nane left; so when the auld wife gaes awa', I make her a beck as laigh as I could loot, an', 'Ay, granny,' quo' I, 'an' when you go, you go.'"

"Lady Verona's toilette was a splendid success.

"Satin of the most delicate rose-color formed the basis, and over that floated cloudlets of ethereal lace, every yard of which had cost an incredible amount. It was indeed a poetical conception, striking with such subtle semi-touches those chords of color which make up the dawn of rosy morning on the eastern heavens ——"

Elsie closed her book.

Well she might, for a screaming had arisen that they were all going to be "swamped."

A free fight was raging over the deck; men were swearing and brandishing bottles, women were in a panic.

Two of the captain's satellites, in the thick of the fray, were threatening to bind the ringleaders with ropes, only they would first require to catch their ringleaders.

There was a rush now to one hand, now to the other, and to whichever side the weight inclined, the boat swayed down—far, far down—until it almost seemed as if she would not be able to right herself again.

Elsie held fast by the rail and began to share the fear of being "swamped."

However, the cool unconcern with which the captain from his bridge regarded the proceedings had the result of reassuring her.

The uproar and fighting were renewed at short intervals till the steamer touched at the next landing place.

Here, after an exciting hunt, the chief rioters were secured and handed over to justice, to be subsequently fined so much, with the option of so many days' imprisonment.

Among the passengers who went ashore were the woman with the "guid-mither" and her crony; and instead of them, Elsie had now, as neighbors, a knot of democrats, who objected to the country being divided among "a few jukes and sic' like," and foretold a good time coming, when the land would be for the people, and when "a man that liked to work would be well paid for't; but a man that wanted to be idle and a dandy would be cast into prison and kept there!"

Elsie, with aching head, was in the act of wishing herself well at Gorbals, when a leering, red-whiskered face thrust itself over her shoulder, saying insinuatingly—

"I think, Miss, it's time we werena here; we'll go down and have a dance together, you and your humble servant you now behold."

"Not I, thank you," said Elsie, on her feet, facing him in a moment.

The "humble servant"—a fellow of the baser sort—had had enough liquor to make him particularly gallant and, according to his own view of the matter, irresistibly funny.

He therefore perpetrated a grotesque bow, and, rounding his arm into the shape of a handle, anew offered himself for acceptance, saying—

"You'll do me proud, miss, and I am a first-class figure at a jig."

"I don't know anything about jigs," returned Elsie—she had heard that tipsy men, like maniacs, had better be humored—"indeed you must ask some one else."

"You'll never learn younger," urged her admirer. "Come on!"

"You don't understand," said Elsie, thawing a little nervousness as she could help, "I am not one of your friends—you have got friends with you, have you not?"

"I'll not tell you whether or wheech," he replied, jocularly.

Elsie turned away.

"Dinna be so saucy," cried the fascinator, and he tried to put his arm round her neck.

She took a few precipitate steps forward, in horror and alarm.

In so doing she came against a passenger who had joined the steamer where it landed lately, and had been making a tour of investigation since.

"I beg your pardon," she began, breathlessly, but he stopped, for her hand was taken hold of and her name spoken.

At that sound, the fear faded out of her face, and the color returned to it, and she looked up with a great thrill of thankfulness into the frank blue eyes of Max Ochiltree.

She thought that the meeting was merely a fortunate coincidence and she was allowed to go on thinking so.

Not to-day, at least, would Max inform her how, accidentally passing the quay, he had been told a story by the officious pier-master that sent him straightway riding across country twenty miles, to catch the steamer at its first halting place.

It is needless to say that the swain who had sought her hand for the jig was despatched in a twinkling, covered with confusion, and that all was plain sailing for Elsie now that her fairy prince had come.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Finnieston and her daughters did not see Max Ochiltree again that season.

"But no wonder that he should ignore us, after finding out how you are connected, Mr. Finnieston," said the lady, resentfully.

"Hoots, Eelen; never heed the man," returned her spouse, pacifically, "what's odds whether he comes or no?"

Mrs. Finnieston groaned.

Not for all she could say would he be induced to call her "Eleanora;" he would hold to "Eelen," low-minded that he was!

"Yes," she rejoined, "but I will heed the man; I will say that he must have very little discrimination, not to mention ordinary intelligence, or he would have seen that my daughter Antoinette would grace the head of any table, even though she is unfortunate enough, poor child, to have a father who has never soared above the level of the vulgar herd."

Among the few residents at Dunraploch whom this lofty-souled woman permitted herself to know was a popular artist, who had a house and grounds among the hills, as pretty as one of his own pictures.

Early in the summer following Elsie's unfortunate visit, this artist gave a garden party, and there Antoinette and Juanita once more came in contact with Max Ochiltree.

After they had spoken for a minute, Antoinette inquired—

"And oh, is the poet here, Mr. Ochiltree?"

She had taken up "culture" lately; for "the Higher Education" had become quite the fashion among the Glasgow ladies and Antoinette must be fashionable.

A new anonymous poem was in everybody's mouth, and it had got rumored about that the author was at present a guest at The Fort; therefore the question.

"No, but his daughter is," was the reply.

"Should you like to be introduced, Miss Finnieston?"

"I shall be quite too pleased," murmured Antoinette.

"Isn't a poet's daughter very much like anybody else's daughter, Mr. Ochiltree?" said Juanita, in her airy way.

"After you have seen her, you shall tell me what you think," said Max, and he conducted them through a trellised archway covered with climbing roses, across a lawn, in the middle of which a gaily-decorated marquee had been erected.

There were various groups dotted over the grass.

The central figure of one of these caught Juanita's notice, and she asked her conductor if he could tell her who the lady was.

"Surely I can," he replied, "she is my mother.

"Over yonder, Miss Finnieston; she's not quite a stranger to you, I think?"

Then, if never before, these sisters experienced the feeling which people describe as a wish that the earth would open and swallow them up; for, woe worth the day!

Max Ochiltree's mother was the old woman whom they had once ordered out of their grounds.

The same old woman, only dressed according to her station now.

It was her whim—alas, that they had never heard of it!—to wear an ancient cloak and bonnet when she went walking among the gay ladies of Dunraploch.

Max Ochiltree disappeared into the marquee.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Juanita, in a tragic whisper, "what will mamma say?"

"It was your fault," said Antoinette, with bitter calm; "you told me she was a teacher."

"Well, I had seen her in the playground with the children, looking at their seams.

"How was I to know?"

Further discussion of the distressing dispensation had to be postponed, for Max Ochiltree reappeared, leading a girl by the hand, a blushing, laughing girl, who seemed half-unwilling to come.

"This is the poet's daughter," he said, bringing her face to face with the two Miss Finnestons.

"More than that," he continued, looking proudly down at her, "she is my intended wife.

"Ah, I've succeeded, I see.

"I wanted to get up a pleasant little surprise for you."

So far as the surprise went, he had succeeded to a marvel.

But a pleasant surprise—well, no, not exactly that.

For, lo, the girl opposite them, the new poet's daughter, Max Ochiltree's intended wife, was—who but their own little country cousin, Elsie Oliver!

[THE END.]

A ST. LOUIS father who had a bad heart arranged matters so that he could hear what was said without being observed. He tells us that he listened for two hours last Sunday night while his daughter and her "regular company" occupied one corner of the sofa, and this was the sole conversation: He.—"If lovie die, what ud dovie do?" She.—"Dovie die, too."

Cousin Nell.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

AUNT, that girl will be the death of me."

The speaker, who had raised himself to a sitting position to deliver this energetic protest, sank back upon a comfortable lounge with a sigh of utter exhaustion.

The room, shaded from the summer sun, cosily furnished, and speaking of invalidism in every detail, was painfully quiet.

But from an apartment not far away came the sound of a sweet contralto voice, indulging in the most astounding gymnastics of which the human throat can be supposed capable, while strong fingers on the keyboard supported the vocal acrobatic feats.

What the original air might have been, could only be surmised in the rapid scales, trills, cadenzas, and flourishes with which it was embellished.

Suddenly a sweeping rush of notes, a crash of chords, and the piano-lid fell with a bang, that startled the speech above quoted from Craig Warrenton.

Mrs. John Chester—a blue-eyed widow, with one idol, her nephew, sighed as she answered—

"She is a great trial, Craig. But we must endure it for a month or two."

"Down the burn, Davy, love," floated in at the open window, and in a moment a tall, handsome girl of seventeen came up the porch steps, having made a circuit of the house from the drawing-room window.

"Dear," said Mrs. Chester, holding up a warning finger, "do try to be a little quieter."

"Your cousin is very nervous this morning."

"The idea of a man, not twenty-four, having any nerves," said Helen Warrenton, putting aside the lace curtains to step into the room.

"Poor little fellow," she added, in a tone, approaching tenderness, "did it want to be quiet? So it should have."

Craig flushed under the keen sarcasm in the great black eyes looking down upon his tall figure; but said, rather fretfully—

"People in rude health have no idea of the sufferings of invalids."

"I suppose it is shockingly vulgar to have no aches or pains," was the reply; "but refined laziness was never my temptation."

"My dear," Mrs. Chester exclaimed, "sickness is not laziness."

"No—but——"

That was all.

But again Craig flushed under the scrutiny of the dark eyes.

A grating of wheels upon the gravel, and a voice calling Nellie, caused Miss Warrenton to dash through the open window again, and in another moment she was standing beside a chaise, in which was seated an elderly gentleman.

"One more drive, Nell?" he asked.

"Wait until I get a hat, papa."

She was seated beside him a moment later, her face very grave.

"What have you been doing?" her father asked.

"Singing to keep from crying. It is so hard to let you go."

"I know it, Nell, but it is my duty. Your poor aunt is certainly alone in Nice, and some one must go to her. I will return as soon as possible.

"In the meantime this is a very pleasant home."

"Pleasant!" the girl cried, with an expressive grimace.

"Papa, you are a doctor. Tell me if my cousin Craig is really sick."

"Yes and no."

I thought as much."

"He is certainly delicate, and both his parents died very young.

"With patience and care, till from invalids they become giants.

"If Craig were a poor man, he would probably overcome all his weakness. As a gentleman, he will probably die from 5 years of sheer want of purpose and exercise.

"He is dyspeptic, from lying about on beds and lounges, instead of walking or riding.

"He takes cold by keeping himself ever in an artificial atmosphere."

"And he has nerves," said Nelly, contemptuously.

"Unfortunately he has, keenly sensitive ones," was the grave reply, "with only self-indulgence to foster all their vagaries. Understand me, Nell.

"Your cousin does suffer, more than you can well realize, and he will suffer more and more as he encourages his troubles."

"Wants shaking up!"

"Exactly—mentally and physically."

"One thing is certain," said Nell; "either he or I will die before your return. Every time I go into the sitting-room I feel smothered, and he groans every time I raise my voice above a whisper. It is too bad, papa, to see him so. I think he is the very handsomest man I ever saw, and he converses well, too."

"A fine fellow," the doctor replied, with a quizzical look. Nowaward, but made several shots that I want to talk about you now. When I engage——"

And the doctor began a long string of directions for this only child he was leaving for the first time in her life.

It was bitter work for both, but they had made it a task and self-sacrifice watchwords for so long, that there was no hesitation when duty demanded separation.

Dr. Warrenton's sister, recently widowed at Nice, was ill, and her brother had been summoned to bring her home.

In the time of his absence Mrs. Chester had consented to give Nellie a home.

It roused Craig Warrenton's chivalry the following morning, to see the still white face Helen turned from the last look at the carriage taking her father away.

For a moment, Mrs. Chester thought the girl would faint, but she rallied, saying, with a dreary smile—

"We were never separated before. But I promised papa not to fret."

"But in your father's profession he must be away from home a great deal," Craig said, sinking into a deep armchair.

"But he lets me help him, and keep the laboratory in order."

"Keep it in order?" questioned Mrs. Chester, in surprise.

"See that the medicine bottles are always filled, bandages rolled in the drawers, lint scraped, the instruments at hand, and everything in order for instant use. In case of accident, life may hang on one second of promptness or delay.

"Papa has taught me how to act in emergencies, before physicians or surgeons can be summoned."

"A female doctor," said Craig, with a suppressed sneer in his tone.

"No, Cousin Craig, but, I hope, an efficient nurse.

"I have no desire to step out of a woman's true sphere, or usurp any of the duties and privileges of a man.

"But I try to do faithfully such duty as lies under my hand.

"We are rich, as you know, and papa is training me to fill a noble, useful place in the world, as far as I can."

"Forgive me," said Craig, frankly. "I was rude."

Helen bowed gravely and walked out of the room, to visit one or two of the village patients her father had left under her care.

And Craig, half pettishly, wondered why her words had left such a sting.

He was rich, too, but what human being was the better for any ignoble use of his wealth?

His home was luxurious, and the most elaborate of invalid devices were arranged in his bedroom and sitting room, but he could find no comfort that morning.

His easy-chair might have been full of thorns for any ease he found there; his novel had lost its interest, and his nap was an impossibility.

"Craig," his aunt cried aghast, half an hour later, "you surely are not going out in this broiling sun?"

"Only for a walk to the village," he said.

"But you can send for anything you want."

"I will not walk far."

The sun was hot, and Craig was not strong, in spite of his tall figure and broad chest.

Very soon he felt that he must either sit down or fall down, and very pale, he entered a little porch, and sank upon a seat there.

When the first dizzy sensation was over, he fancied he heard a familiar voice on the other side of the window beside which he sat.

"Remember," said the voice—and Craig wondered at its low, sweet tone—"you are to make no exertion for the present.

"I have engaged Mrs. Ridley to come here and do all the work, and care for you.

"When you are quite strong again, I will see that you have a little light sewing to do."

"God bless you, miss.

"Your father and yourself are true Christians."

A rustle at the door, and Craig saw Nell looking at him with such utter amazement that her face was actually ludicrous.

"I came to escort you home," he said, "and the heat was too much for me."

He was still deadly pale; but Nellie, stepping back to the house, returned with her handkerchief dripping with cold water, to lay it upon his head.

"You had better postpone your long walk till after sunset," she said, drily. "meantime, wait here, and I will go for the chaise."

"No, I will walk back."

Nell, in a huge sun umbrella was a help on the return walk, but Craig felt very puzzled as to the reasons for the condition in which he entered the house.

Nell peppered him with sarcastic inquiries, and then kept cool water on his head, and done everything such provocations as were cool, against oriental effects.

"You see what a helpless animal I am," he said to her.

"I suppose you chose a wrong time to walk, after living in the cell all the summer," was the reply.

"This room is like a vault. I should die here."

"But you are strong."

"Very true.

"And I keep strong by activity and plenty of fresh air.

"If I took a drug shop every day, I am not sure I should live a week. 'Three times a day,' she said, taking up one bottle.

"'After each meal' was on another; 'at night' on a third.

"Do you know, Craig, my laboratory would not puzzle me so much as keep me from all those bottles."

"But I cannot sleep or eat without medicine."

"Foolish fellow!"

Craig winced.

Nell had an inflection for those two words that cut him to the quick.

He saw very little of her during the next week.

Dr. Warrenton, rightly judging that work was the best cure for loneliness, had hunted up a few cases during his week's stay in the village, where Nell could minister to the sufferings caused by overwork and poverty, and Nell entered heart and soul into the new field of duty.

The first cases led to others, and some hours were taken up with sewing for some of the poorest of the children.

But in the intervals of work, Nell took a mischievous delight in upsetting Craig's nervous system.

She made bread pills and put them upon the tray of dainty food, especially prepared for the invalid's delicate appetite.

She occasionally put red pepper in the eau-de-cologne.

She roused Craig to energy, if only to protest that she was the plague of his life.

Letters from Nice informed Nellie that her aunt was far too ill to return home, and that two months could be released and Dr. Warrenton being home once more sent for his daughter.

A week in January seized Craig.

For the first time he realized how much of sunshine Nell would carry away with her.

He studied it well, and to his cousin's unbounded amazement made her an offer of marriage.

"Thank you," she said, shortly, "I do not fancy home hospitals."

Then seeing the pained face, she added more gently—

"When I marry, Craig, my husband will be a man doing a man's work. Not a miserable hypochondriac, whining out his life upon a sofa."

It was caustic medicine, and Craig rejected it at first.

But as days wore on, the sting, rankling deeper, touched chords of conscience, and Craig Warrenton roused himself to self-communing that was bitter but wholesome.

It was not easy to cast off habits that were life-long, fostered by some actual suffering, encouraged by his aunt, and most assuredly not discouraged by the physicians drawing a yearly income therefrom.

Nell's astonishment reached a climax when Craig walked into the room where her father was giving her a lesson in practical chemistry.

"Uncle," Craig said, "Nell objects to home hospitals, but I have come to you professionally."

"My dear boy, what can I do for you? Look out, Nell.

"If you mix those acids, we will have an explosion."

"To avert which calamity I will retire, while Craig tells you all his new ailments.

"Poor fellow!"

She flushed away, and Craig, looking after her, said—

"Uncle, I love Nellie!"

"Dear me!

"I thought she tormented you to the verge of insanity."

"So she does. Nevertheless, I want her for my wife.

"She objects to nerves, so I have come to get rid of mine.

"Seriously, uncle, I want you to take me for your patient, and see if there is stuff in me for a man, useful and honorable.

"A man, in short, that you will not reject as a son-in-law, if Nellie will have me."

"With all my heart."

Nell was saucy and sarcastic when Dr. Warrenton told her Craig was to be their guest, and her heart overflowed with tenderness and sweetest encouragement in a thousand ways.

It was a hard task to follow Dr. Warrenton's rules, and Craig might have often lapsed by the way, only Nellie was there to see, to rouse him by her wit, or by her gentleness to help him on.

With physical strength came a mental health, a desire to be up and doing in the world's work.

Wealth, seen through this healthier medium, was ennobled as a means of usefulness, and even labor became honorable where there was good to be wrought out.

It roused Nell's respect at first, to see how selfishness was trodden down, how actual physical pain and weakness were conquered by resolution.

And where Nell's respect was given, her heart soon followed, till she bent her proud, saucy head, and owned her master.

"But if I marry you," she said, half laughing, "I may be the death of you, as you feared."

"Not now.

"It was kill or cure, and I think I am cured."

And Dr. Warrenton finds in his life works of charity and usefulness, an active helper, not only in the child his love trained to the duty, but in Craig, his son-in-law.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms fitted to $1 and upwards per day. Dining room up one flight. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to the depot. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

New Publications.

Mr. Carl Schurz defines his position upon the question "Corporations, their Employes and the Public" in the *North American Review* for February. To the same number of the *Review* J. C. Shairp, Principal of the University of St. Andrews, contributes an admirable sketch of the life and works of "Henry Vaughan, Silurist," a poet of the 17th century. Senator J. J. Ingalls writes of "John Brown's Place in History." The question "Must the Classics Go?" is discussed by Prof. Andrew F. West. "Race Increase in the United States," by Congressman J. Randolph Tucker, makes a very substantial contribution to sociological science. The Rev. M. J. Savage points out sundry "Defects of the Public School System." Finally an important question in hygiene. "Rival Systems of Heating," is treated by Dr. A. N. Bell and Prof. W. P. Trowbridge. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

"Garden and Farm Topics" by the famous horticultrist, Peter Henderson, is full of information, new and to the point, that all interested in these matters will find it much to their interest to know. As a writer on questions pertaining to farm and garden, he has no superior, and in his books he has given the best results of his wide observation and experience. Improved methods are necessary now-a-days of the farmer or flower-lover would keep abreast of others, and yet the best return for their efforts and this book will throw a flood of light on what these new methods and ideas are. Neatly printed and bound. Price $1.50. Peter Henderson & Co., Seedsmen, New York.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Home Magazine has the following contents for February. Raphael at Urbino Spenser, Roman Women Ladies, Oleanders and Pinks, Antarctic Land, I Said So, Unto the Least of These, Tropic Vegetation, The Lover and the Husband, Our Sunset, A Day in Washington, For Sweet Lesson, A Hot [illegible], Waiting for the Spring, Martin's Ghosts, Wonderful Sights, Social Duties in Washington, Our Last Money, and [illegible] sparkles, Items and Gems [illegible], The House Circle, Interviews with the Poets, Humorous Department, Artistic Hints, Fancy Needlework Department, Notes and Comments. 2.00 a year.

Lippincott's Magazine for February opens with a paper on Old Germantown, Illustrations by Pennell, finely executed; French Chateau Life, Past and Present," by Miss Brewster, deals chiefly with the Correspondence of Madame de Sevigne. Alfred M. Williams gives an interesting description of An Indian Cattle-Town, and Professor Horatio S. White a very pleasing account of A Pilgrimage to Seventeen. On [illegible], Edward P. Roberts [illegible] Vermont. Dr. [illegible] contributes a second paper on Healthy Homes, which is replete with valuable suggestions. The second instalment of Sobi's Tangled Web, by Lizzie W. Champney, is very animated; A Mental Masquerade, by Esther Warren, is brightly written and well constructed; Explained, by Alice Brown, is a pathetic little ghost story, and The Great Jigtown Failure, by Charles F. Johnson, is a clever realistic sketch. The miscellaneous departments are well filled, and the whole number is, as usual, thoroughly readable.

"I wish I were a baby," murmured a bashful bachelor who was making his first call on a sweet young lady. "How ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "Why do you wish so?" "Because a woman can never look at a baby without kissing it."

Remarkable Restoration in the Case of a Clergyman

Rev. A. W. Moore, of Darlington, S. C., sends us for publication the following results in his case:

"DARLINGTON, S. C., Jan. 15th, 1883.

MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—Though you have not solicited, I feel it to be my duty to give the following testimonial in favor of 'Compound Oxygen.' I inherited the pulmonary trait from my mother, and have suffered with Bronchitis from my youth. For the last three or four years, in the early fall, I was [illegible] prostrated with a severe attack of Sore or Bronchial Asthma. Last fall the attack was unusually severe, being complicated with a general derangement of the liver, kidneys, etc. My medical advisors could not give much hope of any further work in the ministry.

"In December I commenced the use of your Home Treatment. Shortly after I began its use, nearly all the symptoms were greatly [illegible]. For the last three weeks I have been improving. The constant expectoration has to a great extent ceased. I have a good appetite, my digestion is good. I sleep well. I am now preaching every Sunday without fatigue. I feel more vigor—more life than I have for years. I believe the 'Compound Oxygen' a blessed, providential discovery, to which you were unconsciously directed by the great Healer.

"Gratefully, (Rev.) A. W. MOORE."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in every part of the country, sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

Our Young Folks.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

BY PIPKIN.

TOPSY was little Hilda's pet kitten.

It was a very early riser

She slept in Hilda's room, and although she did not seem to have much heart to begin her romps before her little mistress was awake, no sooner did Hilda's eyes open than puss was at it.

Yes, and at them, I might say, for one of her favorite games was to imagine that Hilda's eyes were mice, and that they merely moved about for her to play with.

This sport was [illegible] it used to make Hilda positively get up [illegible]

To describe puss's antics would be impossible; or to tell how she popped in here and out there, always appearing when least expected, sometimes springing from the floor straight at Hilda's hair, at others, vaulting up the curtains to reconnoitre; fighting the footstool; doing deadly battle with a boot or a pin-cushion, or imagining the hair-brush to be a fearful porcupine that must be slain at once, for fear it should kill her mistress.

Now Topsy was developing into a very useful and honest cat.

She could even be trusted all by herself into the cupboard, where she would catch mice, but never meat, or even a fish.

The reason of this was that Hilda always fed her well as soon as she had had her own meals.

So puss was well-mannered and knew how to wait, and she had been taught to beg, and [illegible] would jump through a hoop [illegible] kinds of pretty tricks.

But [illegible] was [illegible] whiskers, was because [illegible] have cans water to drink as well as milk, and be kept in the house all night.

"Well, now," I think I hear some reader say, "how can you keep a cat from going out at night?"

Why, by [illegible] evening, and then [illegible]

Hilda did not invariably do this, therefore, as puss was not quite sure she would have supper when she came home, then, if it were a lovely night, and plenty of fun going on, she often preferred stopping out.

And as we shall presently see, it was this bad habit of Topsy's that led to her little mistress's grief.

Oh, there is no grief so bitter as that which we bring upon ourselves through some neglect of duty!

Now, such a pleasant home, with so comfortable a fireside, and such a loving little mistress as Hilda, one would have been perfectly contented and [illegible] getting into mischief.

What [illegible] with [illegible] and the [illegible] that she [illegible] when [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE HONEYMOONERS.

BY C. J. BUNPHIE.

They heeded not the wintry skies,
For, scanned in one another's eyes,
They deemed it summer weather.
No storm obscured their radiant glee;
Nor would they, if they could, be free;
They felt that all felicity
Dwelt in one word—"Together."
That witching word—"Together."

And so, the lovers, newly wed,
Through groves Arcadian swiftly sped
With spirits like a feather;
So danced on down the hours away—
The rosy hours of Love's sweet day,
All, all of joyous bright and gay,
Was in that word—"Together."
That witching word—"Together."

Ah me! What change fruition brings!
Time flew on disenchanting wings,
And wrought an awful wonder!
The Honeymooners now agree
Alone in longing to be free;
They deem that all felicity
Dwells in one word—"Asunder."
That witching word—"Asunder."

When bright the summer sunbeams dart,
They still have winter in the heart,
Or only summer's thunder.
What words can picture their distress?
What metaphor their grief express?
They feel there is no happiness
But in one word—"Asunder."
That witching word—"Asunder."

WOSHIPPING THE KAIMAN.

THE religion of the population of the Island of Java is of a mixed character, some of the Javanese following that of Mahomet, while others incline towards that of the Indian deity—Brahama.

One of the grossest of Javanese superstitions forms the subject of this paper. It is that the "Kaiman"—the Javanese name for crocodile—is actually the evil spirit personified.

The dervishes, for their own motives of profit, of course, do all in their power to foster this belief.

"Sedan" (Satan) is the name bestowed upon the crocodile by the natives of Java, and every incident or misfortune, whether death by misadventure, pestilence, failure of crops, etc., is attributed to his agency, it being presumed that on such occasions the spirit is, for some reason or other, displeased with the people.

In order, therefore, to appease the supposed demon's wrath, the Javanese, instigated, of course, by their dervishes, come to the conclusion that some animals must be slain and offered up to him as a sacrifice; so arrangements are accordingly made for that purpose as follows:

The person who is suffering from any calamity which he supposes to have proceeded from the anger of "Sedan," goes at once to the chief magistrate of his village, and a consultation takes place.

After this, the mayor causes all the inhabitants to be summoned together, by the means of the beating of a peculiarly-shaped wooden bell, which has a singularly doleful sound; when this tocsin is heard, the Javanese assemble in great numbers and fix a day and hour for the sacrifice, which usually takes place at sunrise, and the sufferer from calamity is enjoined to bring two sheep and a goat to the dervish, to be consecrated previous to the sacrifice.

When the hour of sacrifice arrives, the people collect in great numbers in front of the mayor's residence, dressed in their holiday garments; the dervish makes his appearance, arrayed in a long gown and a turban of many colors.

As he advances, the whole assembly prostrates itself, uttering prayers aloud. At a signal from the dervish the people rise, and, by direction of the mayor, are formed into pairs (in silence) for the sacrificial procession, the dervish proceeding at their head to the place of sacrifice.

In front of the dervish walk four men, in vestments of various colors, having their faces painted yellow. These men strew flowers and palms in the path of the advancing dervish.

Next follow several persons leading the consecrated animals destined for sacrifice, after whom comes the official who is to slay the animals, attended by the mayor and the men of the highest standing in the village.

Then follow the rabble, the women taking the last place of all in the procession. They then pass through the main streets of the town or village until the place of the ceremony is reached.

In the case in question, this was a large sandy plain, near the seashore. A huge stone was set up to serve as an altar for the offering to the evil spirit. Here the leaders of the consecrated animals destined for sacrifice, knelt down, whilst the dervish ascended the steps of the altar.

As soon as he reached the altar itself, the whole assemblage fell on their knees, and joined him in a prayer, which was loudly uttered, and with many gesticulations. The dervish then, with most vehement adjurations, addressed the spirit himself, imploring him not to visit the Javanese with any further calamity.

Strangely enough, from the water near at hand, two or three crocodiles at this moment put up their heads—a coincidence which, of course, produced a great impression on the superstitious assemblage. Probably, however, the truth was that the crocodiles were attracted by the rank smell of the goat.

The dervish's address to the evil spirit concluded, room was made for the person who had been appointed to sacrifice the animals, who had previously been bound and laid upon the sand.

This official advanced, armed with a most formidable-looking knife, and, with considerable dexterity, laid open the bowels of the victims, which he then placed in a row, and decorated with gay-colored flowers.

Next followed another prolix prayer from the dervish, after which he bestowed his blessing upon the entire assemblage, who, in the full conviction of having appeased the evil spirit, retired to their homes and smoked pipes of opium, which they alleged to be for the glorification of their duties, but which, it seems more reasonable to conclude, was for their own self-gratification.

Soon after the crowd had dispersed, that very sensible "evil spirit" crawled out of the water, with a grunt of satisfaction, and proceeded to devour the sheep and goat with which the ignorance and superstition of the Javanese had kindly provided him.

Grains of Gold.

Prudery is the caricature of modesty.

To hate excellence is to be at its opposite pole.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind.

Honor demanded is as worthless as insult undeserved is hurtless.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one.

Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

Let every man do the best he knows, and if he is not a fool, he will do about right.

As to trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns?

To despise our own species is the price we must too often pay for a knowledge of it.

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which has no steel in it.

To preserve one's mental constitution and nourish one's nature is the proper way to serve Heaven.

When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

A man who is able to employ himself innocently is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched.

Boast not of your health and strength too much; but, whilst you enjoy them, praise God and use them.

The bright side of life is that which catches the reflected light of heaven, and echoes back its harmonies.

Attrition is to the stone what good influences are to the man; both polish while they reveal hidden beauties.

Four things belong to a judge—to hear cautiously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.

As for the place you were cast, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable.

The more self is indulged the more it demands, and, therefore, of all men, the selfish are the most discontented.

Do not philosophize over the contradictions which beset you; do not dwell upon them, but strive to see God in all things.

Truths are first clouds, then rain, then harvests and food. The philosophy of one century is the common sense of the next.

Inexhaustible good nature is the most precious gift of Heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought.

Nothing so establishes the mind amid the rollings and turbulency of present things as both a look above them and a look beyond them.

Femininities.

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.

Three female dentists have opened offices in Chicago.

A women's Shakespeare club has been formed in Paris.

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

Miss Anna Crow Dog is the name of a pupil in the Carlisle Indian School.

Fencing is now the favorite recreation of Viennese belles, the Empress Elizabeth having set the fashion.

Six ladies have graduated with honor from the London College of Chemistry, and propose setting up as druggists.

A Chicago man claims that he courted a woman of that city for three years before he found out that she was married.

In Europe the states which have most women are Portugal and Germany. Greece has a few more men than women.

Marriage is the one thing in which a mistake is fatal. In other affairs experience may profit one, but in marriage wisdom lies in forethought.

Mrs. Mary Krone enjoys the distinction of being the only lady assayer in the country. She is at present Principal of the Denver School of Mines.

There is a reversion of the general order of some things in Norway. For instance, a man and his wife traveling are charged only one fare and a half, the half fare being for the man.

Miss Nellie Burton, a Louisville belle, who had arrived at the age of elopement, having no other offer, ran away with a Chinese laundryman, and they have gone to Chicago on a bridal tour.

A Milwaukee man says he would like to be wrecked as Enoch Arden was, and come home and find his wife re-married. He'd go out of the garden with a hop and a skip, instead of breaking his heart.

"What shall we do with our daughters?" inquired Mrs. Liverpool, and an inhuman wretch replies: "If they are like their mother—wear false hair, corsets, and high-heeled shoes, powder and paint—wring their necks."

An Ohio postmaster has resigned. N. B.—It was a woman, who wanted to get married, and could not as long as she held the office. An Ohio woman who would prefer a husband to a postoffice is a disgrace to the sex of her State.

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude.

A man, in a sleeping-car, went through a terrible accident, in which the car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noticed, however, that as the car struck the bottom, he murmured: "Don't, Mary, don't; I'll get up and start the fire."

Miss Hanson, the belle of Maple Park, Ill., hanged herself in a corn-crib, recently, because her lover was addicted to whisky, and her father would not let her marry him. She left a note saying she was broken-hearted, and hoped to meet her lover in heaven.

The household economies of some women come under the same category of virtue as the old housewife's economy of time, which makes her sit up in bed and knit stockings in the dark or re-thread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of candle.

In Louisville a clergyman said in his sermon on a recent Sabbath morning that if women and men would only dance in separate rooms, he would not object to dancing. It would be just as graceful, he claimed, and just as healthful exercise, and they could keep step to the music just the same.

A San Francisco man advertised for "320 red-haired girls—must be good-looking." And not one response was received. A few days later he advertised for "320 golden-haired beauties," and before the paper was out two hours the street in front of his office was crowded with just the style of beauty he desired.

If you must have a best girl, by all means get one from Cleveland. It is alleged to be on record as history that a young lady of that city recently confessed that she so adored a dentist—the homeliest man in the city, too, that she had had five sound teeth pulled for the sole privilege of being near him a few minutes.

"Why do you not invite Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith to your reception? They are very nice ladies." "Yes, but you see my husband don't want me to associate with them." "Indeed—what have they done?" "Why, they got divorces from him, and such actions, you know, are very insulting to a sensitive man."

The "buying mania" is the disease that a floor-walker in a large New York house has found to afflict women. He says that while suffering from it they buy quantities of goods that they have no more need for than they have for an extra pair of hands. One husband that he knew of cured his wife of the disease by telling her a yarn about a woman who became so crazy that she was sent to an insane asylum.

A "taking" young man, of Troy, N. Y., was arraigned before a Justice of the Peace at Albany, a few days ago, on the charge of obtaining $40 from the prosecutrix—after making a marriage engagement with her—with which to purchase the bridal trousseau. It was not stated that seventeen other girls who had loaned him similar sums under like circumstances had been heard from by the prosecutrix and her friends.

The romantic experience of Miss Beach, the Bethel, Conn., young lady who wrote her name on the band of a hat, and finally married the New Orleans gentleman into whose hands it fell, has had an unexpected sequel. Of course the other girls in the hat shop did the same thing, and now a Western firm has refused a consignment of hats sent on their order because so many of them have young women's names written inside the bands.

News Notes.

Chicago has three female dentists.

There are about 5,000 ballet girls in London.

Blindness is steadily decreasing in England.

The Connecticut River is said to be drying up.

A London bicyclist has completed 258¾ miles in 24 hours.

Louise Michel, in prison, is writing graceful stories for children.

A cat show is to be held in New York, beginning January 23.

In the past year over 4,000 persons committed suicide in Paris.

The New York Commercial Travelers' Association has 3,191 members.

A Boston paper sounds a fresh alarm against mince pies that contain alcohol.

German nimrods impose a small fine upon every person who hits an animal without killing it.

A petroleum well recently sunk in the Baku district of Russia is said to yield 6,000 barrels a day.

Brodie, California, has a curiosity. It is a grown Leghorn rooster with two horns over the eyes.

Lapeer, Mich., has a little two-year-old button-collector that has already swallowed seventeen.

The New York State Prisons earned last year nearly $30,000 more than it cost to maintain them.

Three days' imprisonment was the fate of a man who called out to a German judge to speak louder.

Five inventors are now experimenting on the Brooklyn Bridge cars with their patent heating schemes.

D. J. Burke, of Coal River, Fla., is the father of thirty-five boys and four girls. He married five times.

A vessel recently brought to New Bedford an eagle which alighted on the masthead 1,500 miles from land.

Not a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

"This Business 4 Sal," was the notice recently seen in a store on Third avenue, near Ninth street, Brooklyn.

A sale of cotton, false-packed with rocks, was recently detected in Savannah. It contained 300 pounds of limestone.

People living on the banks of the Mississippi reap a profitable living by selling the drift-wood floating down the river.

An Augusta, Me., railroad man went to bed the other night with his hearing perfect, and arose in the morning deaf.

An oculist tells a Boston reporter that every yard of dotted veil that is sold is at least $20 in the pockets of his brethren.

The dome of the Capitol at Washington sounds nightly with strange noise, it is said, and some people insist that it is haunted.

The new German Theatre in Berlin has put upon its playbills in large letters: "Ladies are requested to take off their bonnets."

In some things England keeps pace with America. There have been three undetected murders in London within three weeks.

Thirty-eight different nationalities, each speaking its own language, which is foreign to all others, live under the sceptre of the Czar.

Fresh water fish are reared on every Japanese farm where there is a pool or brook, with as much care as poultry are in French cottage yards.

Ohio is a great State. Her latest boast is a little boy four years of age who has been an inveterate smoker of strong cigars since he was 14 months old.

Kansas City, Mo., was, in 1864, nothing but a huge river bluff, without even a settlement. Now it is a city of eight or nine thousand inhabitants.

Not an editor or printer, it is said, is in the lunatic asylum in Georgia, but about every other profession and ordinary occupation is represented there.

The President of the U. S. Cremation Society says that there are five thousand persons in this country who have pledged themselves to have their bodies burned.

The smallest inventions sometimes prove the most lucrative. A San Francisco lady, inventor of a baby carriage, received fourteen thousand dollars for her patent.

Statistics just published show that in 1883 there were only 78 railroad accidents in France. These caused the death of twenty-five persons and the injury of 201 others.

Slaves in the Soudan are taken down to the coast, put on board a vessel, and shipped by night to Arabia, whence they are distributed to all parts of the Turkish Empire.

There is now in the registry of the United States Circuit Court in New York awaiting claimants upwards of $18,000, wages due sailors who have died on shipboard or been lost at sea.

The official report of the committee appointed to investigate the earthquake on the Island of Ischia, fixes the number of persons killed at 2,313, and of the seriously wounded at 762.

An attempt is to be made in the Virginia Legislature this winter, to abolish the constitutional provision imposing political disabilities upon all persons engaged in dueling, either as principals or seconds.

A Fit of Jealousy.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

CAPTAIN GRIFFIS was going to be married.

And people were a good deal surprised thereat.

Not because Captain Griffis differed in any important respect from the rest of his kind.

Neither was he sworn to celibacy, nor had he "had a disappointment in his teens."

But, when a man reaches the mature age of three-and-forty years without contracting a matrimonial alliance, he is generally considered to belong to the list of hopeless old bachelors.

Miss Susie Hoff was not young herself.

The half century which had passed over her virgin head, had left undeniable traces about the corners of her eyes and between her brows.

She was compelled to take to strong spectacles to read after lamplight, and—to her infinite distress—silver threads were coming fast into the brown tresses of which she had been so proud.

Poor Miss Susie!

She had stood a sentinel on the outposts of society for years, anxiously awaiting the summons to "fall in" (matrimonially speaking), which never came, until Captain Griffis sold out his interest in the ship "Beadless," and came home from P—— with a complexion like saffron, and a pocket full of money, and became captivated with her elderly loveliness.

"Wonders never will cease," sanctly declared pretty little Elma Conner, who was not averse to the rich bachelor. "Medusa herself would have a chance, nowadays, if she only 'made up' a little."

Under these circumstances "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the green-eyed monster invaded the serenity of the captain's heart.

"I won't stand it!" said Griffis indignantly.

"Won't stand what, captain?" asked Joseph Conner, who was brother to pretty Elma, and had no special antipathy to the captain's real Havanas.

"And I must believe it," added Griffis, lugubriously, "for Mrs. Adderley says she has seen it herself."

"Must believe what? Has seen what?" demanded Joseph. "Upon my word Griffis you're worse than the Sphinx."

"The Sphinx!" repeated Griffis. "Was she a vessel?"

"Not exactly," said Joseph. "She was a woman's head."

"Then depend upon it," said the captain, gloomily, "she must have been full of mischief and deception."

"No; but what is it really all about?" asked Conner, who had seldom seen his friend so perturbed.

"A man!" said the captain.

"Eh?" said Joseph.

"A man who has private interviews with Susie every day. Yes, ev-ery day."

"Not possible," said Joseph, knocking the long white ash-tip off his cigar.

"It is possible," mounted Griffis. "It is true. I am to be hidden in Simon Adderley's room to-day. I am to be an eye-witness of the—horrible truth."

And Captain Griffis swallowed the two concluding words as if they had been a dose of castor oil.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Joseph. "I've known Susie Hoff since I was knee-high, and she isn't that sort of person at all."

"Seeing is believing," the jealous lover retorted, as he leaned back in his chair, and stared at the fire in the grate.

"Queer world this," thought Joseph, puffing away very hard at his cigar. "Here is a tough old sea-dog absolutely jealous of a wrinkled damsel of fifty. Folly isn't confined solely to the young, it would appear. I wonder what it is, anyhow, about the man? Perhaps he's a dentist.

"Perhaps he's making up her complexion good as new, after the very latest recipe. I've heard of such things, but I don't know that it's my bounden duty to suggest 'em to my elderly friend. Very probably he wouldn't thank me for 'em. Let every man mind his own business, say I."

Captain Griffis kept his word.

Although he felt a little ashamed at the part he was playing, he allowed Mr. Simon Adderley to secrete him at the back of his portable shower-bath, in the next room to that occupied by the unconscious Miss Susie Hoff, in such a position that he could see without being seen, at the hour at which he was assured that the obnoxious masculine apparition generally appeared at Miss Susie's door.

"I'm doing a contemptible thing, eavesdropping here," thought he, as he established himself among the calico curtains; "but I can't endure this suspense, shiver my timbers if I can."

At a quarter-past eleven precisely, Mr. Adderley, who was pretending to read the newspaper, gave a sepulchral sort of cough—the signal agreed upon between the two conspirators.

Captain Griffis, leaning forward, distinctly saw a well-dressed, youngish man, with a long moustache and curly black hair, and a flat parcel under his arm, knock at Miss Hoff's door, and receive admittance.

"Let me go after him," gasped the captain, vainly struggling to get out of the shower-bath. "Let me tear his heart out! let me——"

"Hush-sh-sh!" soothed Mr. Adderley, holding tight on to the captain's coat tails. "Don't be an idiot, Griffis. Wait till he comes out again, then confront the guilty pair, if you will."

"Adderley, you are right," said the captain, setting his teeth close together, and grimly awaiting the denouement of affairs.

Five—ten—fifteen minutes crept by, still no word was spoken.

They could hear the low, indistinct murmur of voices in the adjoining apartment, every sound of which was like an arrow piercing into the captain's heart.

Twenty minutes—half an hour, then the door opened.

With a leap like that of a Bengal tiger, Captain Griffis confronted the gentleman with the black, curly hair, and the flat parcel.

"Villain!" roared the captain, seizing him by the throat.

"My goodness gracious, what's the matter?" squeaked Miss Susie, springing forward.

"Woman," pronounced the captain "your treachery is at last discovered. Who is this man? Speak!"

"Griffis, don't choke the fellow to death," prudently whispered Mr. Adderley, as the captain's muscular fingers tightened on the curly-haired man's throat.

"No, I'll leave him to the hangman," growled Griffis, slightly relaxing his grasp. "Speak, base Susie. Confess your guilt at once."

"John Griffis," said Miss Susie, with dignity, "you must be either drunk or crazy."

"I'm neither one nor the other," said the captain. "But I'm not a fool, and I won't be deceived."

"Who is trying to deceive you?" demanded Miss Susie.

"You are, in receiving the clandestine visits of this lover."

Miss Susie burst into a shrill laugh.

"Lover!" cried out she. "Lover! why, he's only a hair renovator!"

"A—which?" said the captain, letting go entirely of the curly-haired man's throat, and staring helplessly around him. "Prove it."

"It's gospel truth, please, sir," said Abigail, the pretty little housemaid, curtseying herself forward at this. "It's Abram Isaacson, sir, as is well known to Miss Hoff and a many ladies sir, as brings back the natural color of grey hair in twenty applications. And I recommended him to Miss Hoff myself, sir, knowin' as she was worrited about the grey hairs comin' so fast, and I've been present every time, sir, bein' as this is, the thirteenth, to arrange towels and help rub the dye in. And if you, sir, or any other gentleman, can find fault with that, you're welcome."

"My sweet one," cried the captain, holding out both his arms to Susie, "can you pardon me for being such a—such a bear?"

"My own love," cooed Miss Susie, "can you forgive the feminine vanity which was only anxious to appear well in your eyes?"

"Dove!" said the captain.

"Darling!" chimed in the lady.

While Mr. and Mrs. Adderley stood rather crestfallen at the door of their own apartment, and the curly-haired man felt dubiously at his throat to see if the larynx was quite uninjured.

"Never mind, old fellow," quoth the captain, jovially, flinging him a sovereign, "it was all a mistake. Now see if that will plaster up your bruises."

Whereat the countenance of the curly-haired man expanded into broad smiles, as he declared, "it was no consequence at all."

So the wedding came off in spite of everything, and Captain John Griffis's first fit of jealousy was his last.

AMONG THE ARABS.—Among this people the girls have little to do with selecting their husbands. The men nearly always fix that up among themselves. A bold warrior sees a girl whom he loves in another tribe. He rides up at night, finds out where she is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on the horse and sweeps away like the wind. If he happens to be caught he is shot. If he is not, the tribe from which he has stolen the girl pays him a visit in a few days. The dervish, a priest of the tribe, joins the hands of the young man and the girl, and both tribes join in the merriment. All the bravest men steal their wives, but there are some who do not. Their method is a little different. Of a calm moonlight night—and a moonlight in the tropics is far more beautiful than here—you may see an Arab sitting before the tent of his inamorata picking a fringed instrument something like our banjo and singing a song of his own composition. This is his courtship. They are the most musical people in the world. They talk in poetry, and extemporization is as easy with them as it was with the Scalds of old. The courtship only lasts a week or two. If the girl is obstinate he goes elsewhere and seeks to win another girl by his songs and music. Sometimes the fathers make up the match, but always the girl is the obedient slave. Her religion, her people, her national interests, the traditions of her ancestors, all teach her to be the slave of her husband. The power of life and death is in his hands, and she bows before his opinions with the most implicit obedience. It is only when the fair-faced Frank comes, with his glib talk of woman's highest duties and grander sphere, with his winning manner, with his marked respect, so flattering to a woman's soul, that she leaves her husband, forsakes the teachings of her childhood, gives up home and friends, and risks death itself to repose in his arms. They are as fine riders as the men, and as fearless. They ride straddle and can go almost any distance without fatigue. They are fine shots, and don't know what personal fear is.

The women of these people are modest and far more faithful than the women of civilized life. Indeed, it is the rarest thing in the world to hear of conjugal infidelity.

LIKE AND NOT LIKE.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
'Twas drawn by some enchanted hand,
It seemed so much like life,

He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the picture still;
And was delighted and amazed
To view the painter's skill.

"This picture is just like thee, Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like your"

"And has it kissed thee back, my dear?"
"Ah, no; my love," said he;
"Then, William, it is very clear,
It's not at all like me."

—JOE MILLER.

Humorous.

A sky-light—The sun.

A game which is played on the square—Checkers.

Place four nines so as to equal one hundred. 99-9.

"I'm going to board," was what the log remarked when entering a saw-mill.

Why is a sermon like a kiss? Because it needs two heads and an application.

When is a candle like a tombstone? When it is put up for a late husband.

What is that which though always invisible, is never out of sight? The letter I.

When did Ruth treat Boaz badly? When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

Colored waiters are the best. Whatever is said they will be sure to keep "dark."

You never cease to praise Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator if you ever use it in Heart Disease. Druggists.

What is it if from which you take all its letters, remains the same? The postman.

When are potatoes like gate-posts? When they are put into the ground to prop-a-gate.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Beatty's Great Offer.

The offer made by Mayor Beatty of a $65 parlor organ for only $30, on 15th page, is a great offer, and our readers who desire an organ, should avail themselves of it at once.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming "The Saturday Evening Post."

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 28, 1868.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you."

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

60 Lovely Cards Choice Chromos, your name in pretty type, post-paid 10c. 25 fine gold-edge cards 10c. Hidden name cards 12 for 20c. 300 other styles. Big pay to agents. Send 4c. for terms and samples to canvass with. Holly Card Works, Meriden, Conn.

$1000 Every 100 Days Positively sure to Agents everywhere selling our New SILVER BOLD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES-LINE. Warranted. Pleases at sight. Cheap. Sells readily at every house. Agents clearing $20 per day. Farmers make $100 to $200 during Winter. Handsome samples free. Address, GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Facetiæ.

A grate industry—Raking the fire.

A maiden effort—Trying to catch a husband.

What chin is never shaved? The urchin.

The baker is a kneady man, and this arises from the fact that he is greatly inclined to loaf.

You must not stay in bed until nine o'clock in the morning upon the excuse that it sleep year.

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music and much of the piano kind comes by the pound.

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Because they are but slightly connected.

The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather, and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

"No, sir," said a practical Yankee, "no bric-a-brac on the mantel for me! It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

What is the most unequal contest mentioned in the Bible? When a little mustard-seed sprang up and waxed a great tree.

Why are apples which have been kept for some time like unmarried ladies? Because they are often shriveled and difficult to pair.

Talk about the gentleness of women! The way a woman will yell and scream when she sees a mouse, and scare the poor little thing half to death, is cruel.

He (sneeringly)—"That minister always calls when I am away." She—"Yes—he is very, very exclusive, and, of course, avoids bad company."

A pert little girl in Troy boasted to one of her young friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," one of them replied, "my father drives a street-car."

Some of the doctors are actually thinking of doing their writing in English. Doctors, having so much to do with the dead, may as well stick to the dead languages.

"Tried and true," is Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, a cure for all forms of Heart Disease. Price, $1.

Ladies should remember to keep their mouths shut when going out of a warm room into the cool air. In fact, it would do no harm to keep them shut most of the time.

"It seems to me that you are wasting a great deal of sweetness there, John," said an old gentleman to his son, whom he saw with his arm around his pretty young wife.

AGENTS WANTED.

Sawing Made Easy

Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine!

Sent on 30 Days' Test Trial. A Great Saving of Labor & Money.

A boy 16 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY. Miles MURRAY, Portage, Mich., writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 36-inch log in 2 minutes. For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivaled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED, A WOMAN

of sense and energy for our business in her locality; middle-aged preferred. Salary $25 to $50. References exchanged. Gay Bros. & Co., 14 Barclay St. N. Y.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury to cause ladies, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1883-84. P. POWELL & SON, 306 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

50 Beautiful Imported Chromo Cards with name in fancy type, 10c. This pack includes all the latest, best and most popular styles ever issued. 11 packs and this Beautiful Seal Ring for $1. Get 10 of your friends to send with you and then get your own pack and an Elegant Ring Free. Sample jokes. ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

It Pays to sell our rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co, Cleveland, O.

PARLOR ORGANS ONLY $35.00

WARRANTED SIX [6] YEARS.

Including Stool, Book and Music, providing order is given and remittance made within seven days from date of this newspaper. REGULAR PRICE, $65.00, without Stool, Book and Music. The PARIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK ORGAN is built expressly to supply every household throughout civilization with Organs at popular prices. It is handsomely built, for the Parlor, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School, and is an ornament for the parlor of the millionaire, workingman or the far away Western farmer, &c. BRIEF DESCRIPTION: New Style, No. 700, Height, 69 inches; Length, 41 inches; Depth, 25 inches; Weight, boxed, about 325 pounds.

FIFTEEN (15) USEFUL STOPS, NAMELY:—

1, Powerful BOX SUB-BASS;
2, Double OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the Organ; Couples Octaves Right and Left;
3, VOIX CELESTE, Opens set Three Octave Reeds, giving very charming, sweet, melodious tone;
4, FRENCH HORN, Imitates a Full Orchestra and Brass Band;
5, DIAPASON, Opens five full Octaves new and original "Paris" Reeds;
6, DULCIANA, Powerful Five Octaves Golden Reeds are thrown open by this Stop; tone, "London" Style;
7, VOX HUMANA, Tremulant; which imitates by a FAN WHEEL the Human Voice;
8, SAXAPHONE; 9, Piccolo; 10, Æolian; 11, Clarionet; 12, Cello; 13, Vox Jubilante; 14, Clarabella; 15, Grand Organ Knee Stop. The last eight stops are operated in direct conjunction with above seven, bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Its THUNDERING TONES, while using the full Organ, must be heard to be appreciated.

This original Cabinet Organ contains FIVE SETS GOLDEY TONGUE REEDS as follows:—1st, Five (5) Octave Set Diapason or Paris Reeds; 2d, Five (5) full set Dulciana Reeds, toned "London" style; 3d, Sweet Voix Celeste Reeds of Three full Octaves; 4th, One (1) full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds; 5th, Two (2) Octaves or one each of Piccolo and Saxaphone Reeds combined. The above Five Sets of Reeds are entirely original and are covered by patents obtained at the UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE. This beautiful PIANOFORTE UPRIGHT PARLOR OR CABINET ORGAN contains Five Full Octaves, One Manual or Key Board, Handsome Walnut Case, Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows (immense power), Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure by use of the knee without removing the hands from the Keyboard.

A MIDWINTER OFFER.—I desire every home within the reach of civilization to possess one of my matchless Organs and to this end only I make this offer.

A $65.00 Parlor Organ, with Book, Stool and Music, complete, boxed, delivered on cars at Washington, New Jersey, FOR ONLY $35.00

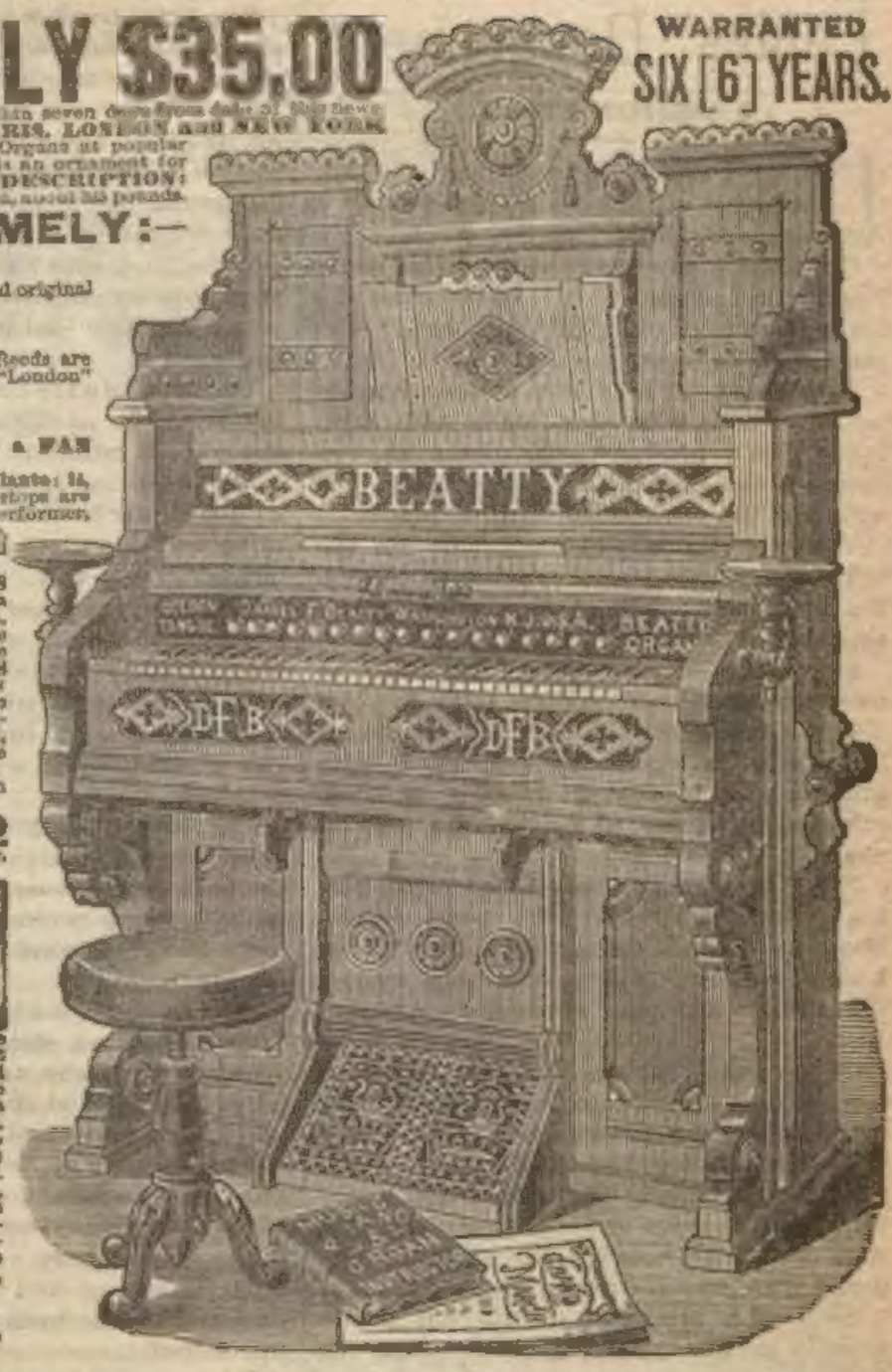
Providing Offer is accepted and order given within Seven days from date of this newspaper.

IF CLIP THE FOLLOWING NOTICE AND MAIL WITH ORDER. ☞

No. 111. Upon receipt of this Notice from any reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, together with only $35 CASH, by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within the limited time, as specified, I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Beatty Organs, New Style, No. 700, &c. Money refunded with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

Remember to secure this GREAT BARGAIN you should order at once before the limited time has expired. Nothing can be gained by long correspondence. My sole object is to have this popular Organ introduced, without a moment's delay, into every household throughout civilization, as early and as quickly as possible. I am willing to offer the first instrument at a sacrifice to introduce, as every one sold so far has sold others. In one particular instance thirty sales, at $65 each, have followed the first Organ purchased. First Organ is shipped at $35.00 as an advertisement. All I ask in return of you is to show the instrument to your circle of friends. The instrument speaks for itself; it sings its own praises. If you are unable to accept this Great Offer, write me your reason why. Perhaps you have an instrument already of some other make and are not pleased. If so, dispose of it and order this. Friends of yours may desire an Organ. Call their attention to this advertisement. If they are from home mail this offer to them. If you can conveniently help me extend the sale of these Popular Instruments I shall certainly appreciate your efforts. If you are in need of an Organ you should avail yourself of the above offer at once, as it will not be repeated. Let me hear from you anyway. (Bear in mind, that I will not deviate from the above offer.) ☞ ORDER IMMEDIATELY.

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



MUSIC FOR ALL. ONE HUNDRED Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,- FOR Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

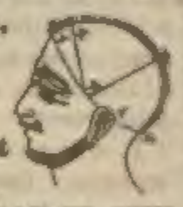
Peter Henderson & Co's COLLECTION OF SEEDS and PLANTS

embraces every desirable Novelty of the season, as well as all standard kinds. A special feature for 1884 is, that you can for $5.00 select Seeds or Plants to that value from their Catalogue, and have included, without charge, a copy of Peter Henderson's New Book, "Garden and Farm Topics," a work of 250 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, and containing a steel portrait of the author. The price of the book alone is $1.50. Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden," giving details, free on application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. SEEDSMEN & FLORISTS, 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

Visit Philadelphia Wanamaker's Store.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Goats' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

New York

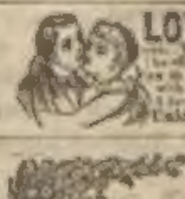
'Singer' Model Sewing Machine only $15

A Cloth, Feather, Tucker, Five Ruffmers, Binder, Thread Cutter, Needles, Oil and full outfit with each. Guaranteed to be perfect. Warranted 5 years. Don't pay double for machines no better, when you can try these before you pay a cent. All late improvements. Runs light with little noise. Handsome and durable. Circulars with hundreds of testimonials free. GEO. PAYNE & CO., 47 Third Ave., Chicago, Ill.

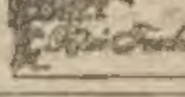
ALWAYS ASK FOR

PENS! ESTERBROOK'S.

For sale by all Stationers.
26 John Street, New York.



LOVING. Fragrantia Aroma. For LADY or GENT. Just the device to perfume to your friends or others observing it. Packages, for 25 cts. mailed by mail, 25 cts. 3 for 50 cts., sent by express, or 6 for $1.00, sent by express or mail. Celsia Supply Co., Peiatine, Ill.



Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name on. Latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 10c. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

50 Elegant Imp. Chromo Cards, name in new script type only 10c. 13 pks $1, or 10 pks for $1 and choice free of handsome gold ring, plain, chased, fancy, stone setting, or tortoise 2-blade knife. Snow & Co, Meriden Ct

CRAZY PATCHWORK Send to the Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct. for a dollar package of their assorted silks for patchwork.

50 SATIN FINISH CHROMOS with name 10c. Send us 10 names with $1.00 and you will receive a Beautiful Pocket Diary FREE. STAR CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prize gives. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

25 Rich Transparent Cards, name on, 5 Lady beauties all 10c, 3 lots 50c. Lock Box B, Higganum, Ct.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 30th, Phila., Pa

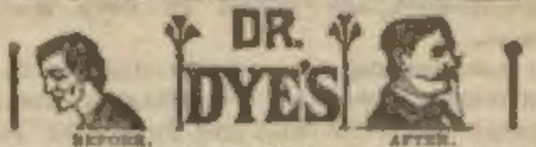
40 (1884) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. 13 pks, $1. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 pks. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct

Try The best cards for the money: 30 for 10c. Premium with 2 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DYE'S



ELECTRIC VOLTAIC BELT, and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES. We will send on Thirty Days' Trial, TO MEN, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, and those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

40 Satin Finish, Extra fine, Golden Beauties, Friendship Series, Script Motto & Bird Cards, with name, 10c. 13 pks. & this heavy rolled gold seal ring for $1. Agt's complete Album 25c. Please remember this is not the cheap pack and ring so much advertised. ALLING BROS., Northford, Ct

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME or to Travel. State which preferred; also amount wanted per month for services and expenses. Business honorable, permanent, and easily operated. Write us. BLOAS & CO., 308 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN some Parisian importations the "organ plaits" of capotes are lined with a different color.

One specimen, of gray velvet, has plaits lined with old gold satin. In the front is a large aigrette of old gold and red. The strings are gray velvet.

All strings, we may here notice, are made up into a bow, with short ends, and furnished with a hook, which meets an eye sewed to the plain strap representing the string on the other side.

The bow generally comes a trifle on the left side. This is a very convenient fashion for the many women who never can tie their bonnet strings decently.

For the evening it is fashion in Paris to wear capotes without strings.

These dressy little affairs are made of light tinted tulle, thickly encrusted with glittering beads of the same color and set off by a few knots of velvet of a darker shade.

Many are of white velvet, the brim, perhaps, thickly strewn with pearl beads. Some are of black tulle, with simply a long knot of narrow white velvet ribbon set on the front, like an emaciated Alsatian bow.

One evening capote—this one, however, has strings—is of pale rose-colored satin merveilleux, the crown very high and very much puffed, and the brim of plush, caught straight back in the centre by a glittering Rhine stone ornament, which likewise holds a pink and white aigrette, powdered with crystal drops.

As to the mixture of different colors worn in millinery abroad this season, the following examples may give an idea of it:

One bonnet of violet velvet, with flaring sides, and a brim dented in front a la Marie Stuart, has three pale pink ostrich tips on the left side, one of them falling over on the front.

A round felt hat of golden brown felt, with a high square crown, is lined and bordered and trimmed with a heavy tousade of the dark reddish brown called "rhum" in Paris, and which is a particularly fashionable color.

In the front is a full cluster of pale ecru and yellow tips, with aigrettes to match. A dark brown velvet capote, with brown lace placed in a jabot across the front, has a border of gold balls set in a triple row below the lace; the strings are of brown lace, and on the front of the bonnet are knots of bright red velvet ribbon.

Another capote of moss-colored velvet, with moss-colored satin strings, has a border of cocks' feathers, cream-colored and green, and a cluster of ostrich tips of these two shades on the front, with full aigrettes to match.

With all these bonnets the hair is worn high. There are rumors afloat that fur boas are coming into vogue again. Nothing more graceful was ever invented, and it is to be hoped they may. This is altogether a very great fur season.

Walking costumes are trimmed with fur, coats, jacket, cloaks, even hats and bonnets and almost every kind is worn.

There is, perhaps, a falling off in the popularity of seal skin. A great deal of it is worn, but it is no longer thought the acme of all elegance, nor the one piece of finery to be most ardently desired.

This may be due to the large number of seal plush garments which are sold, and which, though very handsome in themselves, always represent an inferior imitation.

Flowers are coming to the front very largely for the trimming of Fall dresses this season.

As much tulle will be worn—white, pale blue, pale pink, amber-colored—this garniture is necessarily sought as the most appropriate and the most charming sweet pea blossoms and other humble garden flowers or modest wild flowers, will be in vogue for the tulle ball dresses of young ladies, and they will be carelessly thrown in little bouquets here and there.

For married ladies the style will be to arrange flowers in thick garlands, closely packed, which will trim the low bodice, the foot of the skirt, etc.

The correct thing is now to wear the corsage bouquet at the belt, not on the shoulder, nor on the bust.

It is secured on the left side and is quite long. Sometimes, when the dress is made with a pointed bodice, it is fastened to the lower edge of that, always on the left side.

It is no longer fashionable to have a solid mass of color in the bouquet.

The latest freak is to have the flowers all of one sort, but each one of a different shade of the one color.

Pink flowers are very particularly sought for just now, and a bouquet of pink roses, each of which differs from the other in delicate gradations of tint, is quite the "creme de la creme."

Chrysanthemums have still a great amount of popularity, and are very satisfactory to wear, as they neither crush nor fade easily.

Yellow is always the color preferred for them. As far as effect goes a bouquet all of one color is infinitely handsomer than one composed of many shades, and those who do not follow fashion slavishly in everything will doubtless continue to wear their flowers in this way.

However, the other way is the thing, for the nonce. Young ladies wear a great many dresses of tulle, or of fine India muslin, profusely trimmed with lace, for the evening, with low-necked bodice of silk or satin, above which shows a guimpe to match.

The sleeves are thin also. A large sash to correspond with the bodice is fastened to the back of the same, the bodice being usually laced up behind, and, forming broad loops and ends, constitutes a sort of drapery for the skirt.

A large bustle holds the whole thing out. This, though not strictly new this year, is always very pretty, and it is a fair representative specimen of the style of evening toilet worn at present by young ladies in the best society of New York, where, happily, over-dressing young girls is a false note and a shoddyism which is disappearing more and more with every year. Very often the low-necked bodice has no guimpe underneath, the neck and arms being left uncovered.

The rest of the toilet is the same as described. Short evening dresses continue to be patronized by young ladies. One charming dress of white faille Francaise and lace, made short, has a narrow front of white ottoman brocaded in colored roses.

This is cut into points on the edge, and falls over the flounceings of lace.

Four deep flounces of lace form panels on the sides of the skirt. The peaked bodice is of the brocaded ottoman, with a shirred plastron of white faille and lace.

There are small paniers of plain white faille, and the back drapery is of the same, lace flouncings edging the dress all around. Pink roses are worn in the high coiffure, and a large bouquet of the same flowers is set against the left panier.

Three materials are frequently employed in this way in the new evening dresses. Another short ball dress is of pale pink faille, with five or six flounces of white lace at the foot of the skirt, and a low-necked bodice of dark myrtle green velvet, with a scarf of the same descending on the left side of the dress, and held with large sprays of wild roses.

It will be seen that clever and economical women have excellent opportunities here.

Last season's evening dresses can be remodeled, with the addition of a remnant of handsome brocade, or something of the sort picked up at a bargain, and the exercise of a little taste, to look like something quite fresh and new.

Side by side with these styles of evening dresses, however, which may be gotten up, with a little ingenuity, at comparatively small expense, there is a very simple, severe style, which, reserved for married ladies, demands the richest materials and is expensive in accordance.

This is the style of plain, straight, detached trains, over petticoats covered with embroideries which are triumphs of fine needlework, or veiled in very costly laces.

One beautiful dress of this description is of black velvet, with a tablier of thickly jetted net on the front and three jet embroidered flounces below that.

The low-necked velvet bodice opens like a jacket in front over a vest of the same jetted lace.

The decollete is surrounded with a black feather trimming which is extremely effective next the whiteness of the shoulders. The jetted tablier is carried up against the velvet on the side, and there held by a large cluster of black feathers. This whole toilet may be reproduced in white with superb effect.

Fireside Chat.

SOME NOVELTIES IN WORK.

THE needlework of the present day, whatever its short-comings may be, decidedly aims at practical usefulness; and a good needlewoman can scarcely have an ugly home if she be in the least degree industrious, and the readers of THE POST will, I feel sure, be glad to hear of some of the many new applications of work to home comfort.

I noted three small low chairs, one a novel experiment, enamelled in white, the seat slightly stuffed, and covered with a grayish green velvet, on which was a design of flowers in grayish greens and golden browns, leaving but a little of the material to be seen between, and entirely outlined in gold threads, the edge meeting the wood being defined by a row of brass-headed nails; a low black chair had the seat covered with ruby velvet, on which were two discs of embroidery also outlined in gold, gold spiders and their webs on the outside, a rosewood chair being treated after a similar manner in terra-cotta cloth and gold cord.

They were very ornamental. The cushions on the back and seat of a large wicker armchair were covered with terra-cotta serge, worked all over in outline with a design of chrysanthemums and leaves, on dark reds and shaded greens.

This same pattern, in different coloring, had found its way to a green serge table-cloth, covering it entirely.

A very comfortable club chair, with cinnamon velvet, had a band across the top and on either arm, of a conventional border of gold cord.

There is a large choice in tablecloths. One in serge, buttonholed round the edge, after the manner of the old-fashioned blankets, had sprays of daffodils and leaves, which looked as though they were growing upwards from the edge.

Jute velvet is a material which is well adapted to tablecloths—firm, well wearing, and of good appearance.

A border to this was made of well-woven house flannel, covered all over with a design in outline of leaves and flowers, the creamy ground contrasting well with the olive tone of the velvet.

An olive-green serge cloth was scattered over with white flowers in silk. There were many new ideas in curtains.

A pair of blue serge had double applique bands top and bottom of a darker tone, worked in a conventional scroll of cream and indefinite greens, within the double line being conventionalized blooms, with some six pets's, appliqued in the same darker tone, and embroidered in crewels. Rapid work this, and artistic.

Wide strips of satin sheeting and brocaded velvet formed some other handsome-looking curtains, a conventionalized flower in a scroll of exactly the same tone as the sheeting, and worked in outline, bordering the velvet.

The society makes a specialite of fine tapestry materials for curtains and portieres.

A Henry Deux design, with a dark blue ground, had detached sprays of flowers apparently copied from some old tapestry, both in design and color.

A cream ground showed large bold flower patterns in brown, outlined in gold; while a novelty, the pattern, especially made for the society, was a soft silky stuff, a mixture of silk and cotton, alike on both sides, the one I saw a grayish blue and white, while another showed a well-covering floral design, like some of the hangings at the Trianon, the blooms not conventionalized and true to nature.

The brocaded jute velvet is also employed for curtains. Screens are always an acceptable present.

Some low three-fold ones, with reversible hinges made in dark wood, had three tiny embroidered scarves slipped through the woodwork and movable at pleasure. Those I saw were made of coarse linen, fringed and richly embroidered in silk, very portable pieces of work for a good embroidress.

The tea screen, with its shelf for cups, so suggestive of cosy comfort, is not new, but displays many new applications of needlework.

A curtain screen was a mere brass stand, on the upper bar of which were rings, to which a dark satin sheeting curtain with embroidery and fringe was attached. Three beautiful screen panels showed red magnolias on a pale serge ground, and others chrysanthemums, on a red ground outlined in gold, then a double row round the pattern.

Undyed velveteen had been applied to screens, cushions, and other purposes, and formed a good ground to floral and conventionalized patterns.

The great feature in work at the present time is the grounding. I was shown a handsome quilt and curtains, with a big floral pattern in outline, a reproduction of a fine old brocade, with a yellow honeycomb for the background, and darnings and diapers appeared in other specimens.

Canvas work comes back to us in a new form illustrated in a strip for a bell. The pattern, a flower, was in a tent stitch, also the foliage; the ground a diaper effect produced on the canvas.

The newest d'oyleys are of fine linen, most elaborately wrought; some in the tussore or vegetable silk, so happy in coloring, and so durable, these mostly flower sprays.

Some more elaborate ones were worked entirely in gold-colored silk, with bands of drawn threads, the centre square formed thereby, being worked in a great variety of stitches, and almost hiding the material, a border equally elaborately wrought coming between the drawn thread work.

Except in the designs, I did not see anything very new in chairbacks. On a fine linen one a design of chrysanthemums and leaves, with a darned ground, had much artistic beauty. Chrysanthemums are in fashion just now.

Correspondence.

SARAH.—Certainly not.

ALEXANDRIA.—It depends on the class of vessel.

EUGENE.—*Omnia bona bonis* means, "All things are good with good men."

PRINCESS.—Yes, blue eyes, dark hair, and long dark eye-lashes are considered very pretty.

MICKIE.—Paddy is not a corruption of Patrick; it is from St. Palladius, the precursor of St. Patrick.

ALLIE.—The French word *recherche*, now in common use, means much sought after, choice, uncommon.

JESSIE.—Why did you not read the love-letter instead of sending it back unopened? If he loves you he will not keep away from you when he knows that his company is agreeable.

INQUIRER.—We do not answer medical questions of a delicate nature; but we would advise you, under any circumstances, always to go to a regular physician of good standing and character, and never to a quack.

LEAR.—Strictly speaking, a dowager is an endowed widow—that is, one who has a dower from her late husband, or who has property brought by her to her husband on marriage (dowry), and settled on her after his decease.

P. O'D.—Ireland was conquered by Henry the Second in 1172. Scotland and England were united, as to the two crowns, in 1603, but it was in 1707 that the two kingdoms were united under the denomination of Great Britain.

A. A.—We presume you mean "chapping." Mix two spoonfuls of borax, and half an ounce of glycerine with some water, and apply it to the hands twice a day. Your writing and spelling are so indifferent that we have had a difficulty in making out your wish.

TUXEDO.—The last execution by burning in England was in 1789. The unfortunate woman was one Jane Grace, convicted for coining. The account states that she was fixed to a stake before the Debtors' Door at Newgate, and burnt, being first strangled by the stool being taken from under her.

MINNIE.—An honorable man does not tell a girl of seventeen that he loves her dearly, unless his feelings towards her are so pure and deep that he wishes to make her his wife. As far as can be judged from your letter, the less you have to do with the man of whom you write, the better it will be for your happiness.

COURT.—Yes: the Archbishop of Canterbury in England, takes precedence at Court of all dukes, excepting those of royal birth. He ranks as first peer of the realm, the Archbishop of York coming third, immediately after the Lord Chancellor. The Archbishops have the ducal title of grace; but their wives are only plain Mrs. without any title.

DAMASK.—The idea of a young lady of twenty years of age being innocent in the art of love is rather amusing. Without the superscription of your letter, the question itself would show that you were not an inhabitant of a town of any great dimensions. The great secret of love is to catch the first man that you can fancy, and who professes love to you; to accept the engagement offered, and to hope for the marriage as soon as possible.

STANLEY.—The compound "vegetable butter" is quite correct in the sense mentioned. Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveler, assures us that the fruit of the shea trees affords a vegetable butter, which, besides the advantage of its keeping the whole year without salt, is whiter, finer, and, to his palate, of a richer flavor than the best butter he had ever tasted in England. These trees grow in great abundance on the banks of the Niger.

LAUNCE.—Your only wise and self-respecting course is to set the lady free and bear your disappointment as well as you may. You would run the risk of making your life a very unhappy one by marrying a woman whom you knew loved another man more than she did you. Be courageous, bear whatever pain the discovery may give like a man, and be glad that the young lady found out the state of her heart before and not after you were married. It may be, however, that she adopted this little ruse in order to make you hasten the wedding-day.

MARIE.—It is your own fault if you remain very much inferior in education to the young man with whom you are so much in love. Give your spare time and attention for the next two or three years to self-education. Meantime, if the young man continues his attentions, you may receive him simply as a friend, but do not let him separate you in any way from your other friends and acquaintances. You certainly should not allow him to resume the position of a favored suitor until he has shown himself more constant than he has in the past.

FLORA M.—In the language of flowers, "Nigella Damascena"—love in a mist—is, "You puzzle me." Do you not remember the lines,

When of a man I ask the question,
I wish he would answer "Yes" or "No."
Nor stop to make some smooth evasion,
And always tell me "May be so."

"Locust" means "affections beyond the grave;" "Lettuce," "cold-hearted;" "Larkspur," "fickleness."

Oh, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart.

JACK.—You will find the adage in Shakspeare's first part of "King Henry IV.," Act III., Scene 1. The boastful Glendower says:—

"What I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil."

To which straightforward Hotspur replies:—

"And I can teach thee coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth: Tell truth and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence,
Oh! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil."